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# LIVES OF ENGLISHMEN

IN PAST DAYS.

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Third Series.

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IZAACK WALTON.  
SIR HENRY WOTTON.  
SIR RICHARD AND LADY  
FANSHAWE.

EARL OF DERBY & FAMILY.  
LORD COLLINGWOOD.  
SIR THOMAS STAMFORD  
RAFFLES.

VISCOUNT EXMOUTH.

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LONDON :

JAMES BURNS, 17, PORTMAN STREET,  
PORTMAN SQUARE.

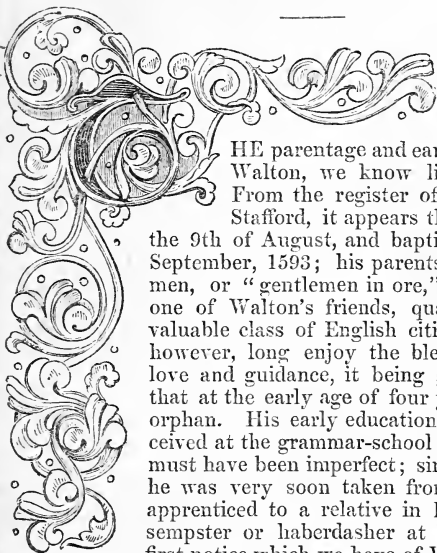
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R. CLAY, PRINTER, BREAD STREET HILL.

# Lives of Englishmen.

## IZA AK WALTON.

BORN 1593—DIED 1683.



THE parentage and early life of good Izaak Walton, we know little or nothing of. From the register of St. Mary's Church, Stafford, it appears that he was born on the 9th of August, and baptized on the 21st of September, 1593; his parents being honest yeomen, or "gentlemen in ore," as Fuller, who was one of Walton's friends, quaintly defines that valuable class of English citizens. He did not, however, long enjoy the blessing of a parent's love and guidance, it being generally supposed that at the early age of four years he became an orphan. His early education, most probably received at the grammar-school of his native place, must have been imperfect; since it is certain that he was very soon taken from his studies, and apprenticed to a relative in London, who was a sempster or haberdasher at Whitechapel. The first notice which we have of Walton is one which shews that a taste for literature must have been very early imbibed by him; otherwise it is scarcely probable that at the age of twenty he would have been the subject of a poet's praise. Such, however, is the fact; a small poem, entitled, "The Love of Amos and Laura," which was published in 1613, having been dedicated by its author, S. P., "to his approved and much-respected friend, Iz. Wa."

But his literary taste was not, as it never should be, prosecuted to the neglect of, to him, the far more important, if less attractive, calling, for which his guardians had designed him. His first settlement in London, it is said, was in the Royal Exchange in Cornhill, built by Sir Thomas Gresham. And as the shops over

the Exchange were only seven feet and a half long, and five feet wide, it is not unlikely that it was for the sake of more commodious premises that he removed in 1624 to the north side of Fleet Street, in a house two doors west of Chancery Lane, and abutting on a tavern known by the sign of the Harrow. Still it appears that half a shop was here sufficient for Walton's business, since the premises in Chancery Lane were in the joint occupation of himself and one John Mason, a hosier. Till within a few years before Sir John Hawkins, his first biographer, wrote Walton's life, an old timber house at the south-west corner of Chancery Lane was known by the sign just mentioned; so that there could then be no doubt but that his residence was the next door.

While thus honestly pursuing his humble and limited trade, he contracted a friendship with the celebrated Dr. Donne, who was at this period vicar of St. Dunstan's-in-the-West; and as we may easily suppose Walton to have been a man in whom a clergyman would find a good parishioner, it is not surprising that they should become mutually known and attached to each other. Walton's reverence for the pastoral office, as being founded on the express command of God, would naturally lead him to obey those who had spiritual rule over him; while, of course, the pastor's vocation would often bring him into contact with Walton, whom, as was said of Socrates, to know must have been to respect and love. Accordingly, the vicarage was ever open to "honest Izaak;" and as it was the haunt of all the eminent men of that time, he had the opportunity of obtaining the friendship of most of those with whom his name is now chiefly associated.

As a proof of the uninterrupted intercourse which existed between Dr. Donne and himself, it may be mentioned, that a short time before the death of the former (1631), he sent for Walton; and, with many expressions of regard and affection, presented him with a seal, engraven with a representation of the Saviour extended on an anchor; and which, in reverent esteem for the venerable donor, Walton used from that time to the sealing of his own will, which bears this impression. He also wrote an elegy on his friend's death, but it did not escape the roughness of the poetry of the times, and is certainly more creditable to the feelings than taste of the author.

Among other valuable friends, he numbered Dr. King, the future bishop of Chichester, through whom he became acquainted with an honourable and worthy family, from which, after he had been about ten years in business, he selected a wife. As nothing is more important than the choice of a partner for life, for weal or woe, we cannot but admire Walton's prudence on this occasion. Instead of being influenced by the too common motives of selfishness or mere passion, wherein pure love consists not, his object was to obtain a "help meet" to him, that they might so live toge-

ther in this life, as in the world to come to have life everlasting. In a temporal point of view, his selection was also a good one; his wife's family being the means of introducing him to persons, not only of considerable eminence, but of congenial taste and temper to his own. Family connexion is a much more important element in connubial happiness than is generally supposed. Nothing, indeed, is more important than that it should be such as, in the frequent intercourse which must necessarily exist between the parties concerned, may conduce to that sympathy of mind and feeling without which society becomes an intolerable burden, and the prolific source of contention to the married persons themselves, each of whom is laudably sensitive of any neglect of family or kindred. It is all very well, and essential to happiness, that a husband and wife should have similar tastes and tempers; but it is not less necessary to the even tenour of married life, that their immediate relatives should in these respects be somewhat like themselves. Such was happily the case here. It is to this connexion, also, that we owe his life of Hooker: his wife's aunt having married Dr. Spencer, who was Hooker's "bosom friend and com-pupil;" and her uncle having been educated by Hooker himself.

We must now consider Walton in the character in which he is most familiar to us, that of a biographer. Sir Henry Wotton, from a letter addressed to Walton in 1638, appears to have been collecting materials for writing a life of their common friend Donne; but, dying soon after, he never carried his intention into effect. His sermons, however, being about to be published without a life of the author, Walton determined to supply the deficiency himself. "When I heard," said he, "that sad news (Wotton's death), and heard also that these sermons were to be printed, and want the author's life, which I thought to be very remarkable, indignation or grief—indeed I know not which—transported me so far, that I reviewed my forsaken collections, and resolved the world should see the best plain picture of the author's life that my artless pencil, guided by the hand of truth, could present to it."

Hence the origin of the exquisite biography of a name honoured in his own and every succeeding generation. It was published along with the first volume of his sermons in 1640, and obtained universal approbation. King Charles I., whose troubles at this unhappy period may have been alleviated by its perusal, bestowed his marked praise; and the famous John Hales of Eton told Dr. King, "that he had not seen a life written with more advantage to the subject, or more reputation to the writer, than that of Dr. Donne." Our great critic and moralist, Dr. Johnson, also pronounces this to be the best of Walton's biographical productions.

Amid all this deserved popularity, he still industriously pursued

his business, and appears to have removed to a larger establishment in Chancery Lane. Walton was, indeed, far too honest to let his literary pursuits, however congenial to his taste, interfere with the more immediate duties of the tradesman or citizen; and, from the parish-registers, we find that he served several parochial offices, such as sidesman, overseer of the poor, vestry-man, &c. It will be a happy day for England when these important offices are again filled by such citizens. How unlike the noisy, ignorant, idle, factious men who so often turn our vestries into bear-gardens! where all that is holy and venerable in Church and State is opposed and derided by men who, to borrow Tertullian's description of Hermogenes, "mistake brawling for eloquence, impudence for firmness, and think it a duty to abuse every one but themselves."

But his consistency of conduct afforded Walton no exemption from those earthly ills, which, in this probationary state incident alike to all, are neither awed by greatness nor eluded by obscurity. While living in Chancery Lane, sorrows came, not single ones, but in battalions; and the "insatiate archer," Death, shot forth his arrows in rapid and melancholy succession. He lost, besides his mother-in-law,—who resided with her "loving son," as in her will she designates Walton,—no fewer than seven children, together with his wife (1640), after a happy union of fourteen years. To any man the loss of the wife of his youth is no ordinary affliction; but to one of Walton's affectionate nature it must have been severe indeed.

Although nothing certain is known concerning Walton for several years after this period, it is not improbable that he retired about this time from the turbulent scenes of the metropolis, in which, according to Wood, the famous antiquary, it was dangerous for honest men to remain,—to a quiet spot near his native town of Stafford, whose welfare he never forgot, and there passed several resigned and peaceful years in study and angling, a recreation of which it is well known that he was passionately fond.

From the following statement, taken from the list of benefactors in St. Mary's Church, Stafford, it is plain that Walton was not, during his residence there, indifferent to the wants of his poorer neighbours. "The gift of Mr. Izaak Walton, borne in the burrough of Stafford, a worthy and generous benefactor to this burrough, as followeth: first, the said Mr. Walton in his life tyme gave a garden of eight shillings a yeare, in the possession of widow Tildesley, to buy coales for the poore yearely about Christmas. Also the said Mr. Walton in his life tyme gave twenty-two pounds to build a stone wall about St. Chad's church-yard in this burrough; and also set forth nine boys apprentices, and gave to each five pounds." What a blessing would it prove to the towns and villages of England, if each of us, according to his ability, would follow good Izaak Walton's example herein! It was to such



generous benefactors of other days, when men, according to our notions, were comparatively poor, that we are indebted for most of our noblest churches, our endowed schools, and our hospitals.

The next incident connected with him occurred about six years afterwards, when he again married (1646). The object of his choice, equally happy and desirable as the former, was Anne, daughter of Thomas Ken, an attorney, the father of Bishop Ken, whose name requires no commendation. He had thus once more the privilege of obtaining with his wife the best and richest dowry, —a family connexion of kindred tastes and principles, with whom he ever lived in happy and constant intercourse.

Having now retired from business, Walton was at liberty to indulge his literary taste. Accordingly, in 1651, he edited the remains of his friend Sir Henry Wotton, with a life of the author, under the title of *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*; a book which, though quaint in its style, is not without amusement and instruction.

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## CHAP. II.

WALTON's taste for the diversion of angling has been before alluded to, and is well known. This diversion has ever been a favourite in England, and long may it continue to be so, as it is an amusement not less instructive than healthful and innocent. "The angler,"—to quote from Sir Humphrey Davy's *Salmonia* a passage applicable to angling of every kind, and the extreme beauty of which will excuse its length,—“employs not only machinery to assist his physical powers, but applies sagacity to conquer difficulties; and the pleasure derived from ingenious resources and devices, as well as from active pursuit, belongs to this amusement. Then, as to its philosophical tendency, it is a pursuit of moral discipline, requiring patience, forbearance, and command of temper. As connected with moral science, it may be vaunted as demanding a knowledge of the habits of a considerable tribe of created beings—fishes, and the animals that they prey upon; and an acquaintance with the signs and tokens of the weather and its changes, the nature of waters, and of the atmosphere. As to its poetical relations, it carries us into the most wild and beautiful scenery of nature; amongst the mountain lakes, and the clear and lovely streams that gush from the higher ranges of elevated hills, or that make their way through the cavities of calcareous strata. How delightful, in the early spring, after a dull and tedious winter, when the frosts disappear, and the sunshine warms the earth and waters, to wander forth by some clear stream to see the leaf bursting from the purple bud, to scent the odours of the bank

perfumed by the violet, and enamelled, as it were, by the primrose and the daisy; to wander upon the fresh turf below the shade of trees whose bright blossoms are filled with the music of the bee; and on the surface of the waters to view the gaudy flies sparkling like animated gems in the sunbeams, whilst the bright and beautiful trout is watching them from below; to hear the twittering of the water birds, who, alarmed at your approach, rapidly hide themselves beneath the flowers and leaves of the water-lily; and as the season advances, to find all these objects changed for others of the same kind, but better and brighter, till the swallow and the trout contend, as it were, for the gaudy May-fly, and till pursuing your amusement in the calm and balmy evening, you are serenaded by the songs of the cheerful thrush and melodious nightingale, performing the offices of paternal love, in thickets ornamented with the rose and woodbine.”\*

For a long period the rules—for every art has its rules—of the art thus exquisitely described seem to have been conveyed by word of mouth from one gentle brother to another, till Juliana Berners, or Barnes, the noble prioress of Sopewell, near St. Albans, wrote her *Treatise of Fysshynge with an Angle*, which forms part of the *Boke of St. Alban's*, first printed at that place in 1486, containing treatises on hawking, hunting, and coat-armour, and afterwards reprinted in 1496 along with a *Treatise of Fysshynge*, by Wynkyn de Worde at Westminster.

This great typographical curiosity begins with a comparison between the diversions of hunting, hawking, and fishing; and proceeds to give directions how the angler is to make “his harnays or tackle.” The peculiarities of various fish are then described, together with the baits suited to each, and the best mode of using them. The book concludes with some general cautions, of which the following shews that angling has long been considered auxiliary to contemplation:—

“Also ye shall not use this forsayd crafty dysporte for no couetysenes, to the encreasyng and sparyng of your money oonly; but pryncypally for your solace, and to cause the belthe of your body, and specyally of your soule; for whanne ye purpoos to goo on your dysportes in fysshynge, ye woll not desyre gretly many persons wyth you, whyche myghte lette you of your game. And thenne ye may serue God deuowtly, in sayenge affectuously youre custumable prayer; and, thus doynge, ye shall eschewe and voyde many vices.”

About a century later another treatise appeared on the same subject, entitled *A Booke of Fishing with hooke and line, and of all other instruments thereunto belonging*, by one Leonard Mascall, an author who wrote on planting and cattle: In 1600 appeared *Approved Experiments touching Fish and Fruit, to be regarded by the*

\* *Salmonia*, pp. 8-10.

*Lovers of Angling*, by Mr. John Taverner. Nor were the instructions of this delightful art confined to mere prose; *The Secrets of Angling*, a poem in three books, having been published in 1613, by J. D. Danvers, Esq. Some thirty years afterwards, a treatise much better known than any of the former was given to the world, under the designation of *The Art of Angling, wherein are discovered many rare secrets, very necessary to be known by all that delight in that recreation; written by Thomas Barker, an ancient practitioner in the said art.* Published by Oliver Fletcher, "neer the Seven Stars at the end of St. Paul's." This seems to have taken with the patient brotherhood, since it went through several editions, the last of which was called *Barker's Delight, or the Art of Angling.* The following extract, the conclusion of his "epistle dedicatory," will shew the style and design of this author. "If any noble or gentle reader, of what degree soever he be, have a mind to discourse of any of these wayes and experiments, I live in Henry the Seventh's gifts, the next doore to the gatehouse in *Westm.* My name is *Barker*; where I shall be ready, as long as pleases God, to satisfie them, and maintain my art, during life, which is not like to be long; that the younger fry may have my experiments at a smaller charge than I had them; for it would be too long for every one that loveth that exercise to be at that charge as I was at first in my youth, and loss of my time, with great expences. Therefore I took in consideration, and thought fit to let it be understood, and to take pains to set forth the true grounds and wayes that I have found by experience, both for fitting of the rods and tackles, both for ground-baits and flyes, with directions for the making thereof, with observation for times and seasons, for the ground-baits and flyes, both for day and night, with the dressing, wherein I take as much delight as in the taking of them; and to shew how I can perform it, to furnish any lord's table, onely with trouts, as it is furnished with flesh, for sixteen or twenty dishes. And I have a desire to preserve their health (with help of God), to go dry in their boots and shooes in angling, for age taketh the pleasure from me."

Such was the state of literature as to the art of fishing when Izaak Walton (1653), not altogether indebted to their labours, by the publication of *The Compleat Angler, or the Contemplative Man's Recreation, being a Discourse of Fish and Fishing, not unworthy the perusal of most Anglers*, far eclipsed his predecessors, and has become the acknowledged "master" of all succeeding writers on the subject. The universal praise bestowed upon this delightful book renders all eulogium superfluous. Should any of my readers not have read a treatise, second to none in beauty of language, purity of sentiment, and fascinating description of natural scenery, he has a pleasure yet in store, which, if wise, he will not be slow to gratify.

The book commences with a conference betwixt an angler, a falconer, and a hunter, who accidentally meeting together one fine fresh May morning, as they are going up Tottenham Hill towards Ware, agree to proceed together, knowing that good company in a journey makes the way to seem shorter. During their walk, they inquire the object of each other's journey; and when it is found that one of them is a brother of the angle, the other two begin to depreciate his art. To this Piscator replies, that it is an easy thing to scoff at any recreation or art: "a little wit, mixed with ill-nature, confidence, and malice, will do it." It is agreed, therefore, that each shall defend his own sport. The falconer begins, and endeavours to shew that the element which he uses, air, is of more worth than weight, and excels both earth and water, inasmuch as every creature that hath life stands in need of this element. He further observes, how useful and pleasant the birds of the air are to man; and gives a brief but beautiful description of "those little nimble musicians of the air, that warble forth their curious ditties, with which nature hath furnished them to the shame of art. As first the lark, when she means to rejoice, to cheer herself and those that hear her; she then quits the earth, and sings as she ascends higher into the air; and having ended her heavenly employment, grows then mute and sad, to think she must descend to the dull earth, which she would not touch but for necessity. How do the blackbird and thrassell, with their melodious voices, bid welcome to the cheerful spring, and in their fixed months warble forth such ditties as no art or instrument can reach to! Nay, the smaller birds also do the like in their particular seasons; as namely, the laverock, the titlark, the little linnet, and the honest robin that loves mankind both alive and dead. But the nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet loud music out of her instrumental throat, that it might make mankind to think that miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight, when the very labourer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say, 'Lord, what music hast Thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth!'"

The hunter then commences an eulogy upon his "pleasant, hungry, wholesome trade; a game for princes and noble persons, and calculated to preserve health, and increase strength and activity." Afterwards Piscator dilates upon his "calm and quiet recreation." "Anglers," he says, "seldom take the name of God in their mouths but it is either to praise Him or to pray to Him; if others use it vainly in the midst of their recreation—so vainly as if they meant to conjure—it is neither our fault nor our custom; we protest against it." After this pious prologue, he begins to describe

the excellence of the element of water, by shewing how necessary it is to the earth's fruitfulness; how advantageous it is to our daily traffic, without which we could not subsist, nor could we visit any famous places; for without water the inhabitants of this poor island must remain ignorant that such places ever were, or that any of them have yet a being.

At this period of the conference they arrive at "Theobald's House," when the falconer leaving his companions, the angler and hunter walk on together; and the former pursues his discourse, till they arrive at the Thatched House, a rustic hostelry of the olden time, about five miles off; and while proving his art to be so ancient as to have been mentioned by the sacred penmen of the Old Testament, to have been practised by the apostles, and many most learned and holy fathers of the primitive and English Church, it must be confessed, that, what with the simple beauty of his style, interspersed with unobtrusive learning, quiet humour, and sound morality; and what with the exquisite pencilling of the scenery, so thoroughly associating the reader with every object described,—Walton has thrown a charm over the gentle craft, which the sarcasm of Dr. Johnson,\* great and good man as he was, will never be able to dispel.

On arriving at the Thatched House, they turn in and refresh themselves; and the angler agrees to meet the hunter at Amwell Hill early next morning, to enjoy a day's otter-hunting; after which Venator is pledged to give the next two days to fishing with the angler. Accordingly, on the third day the instructions in fishing commence; and the scholar is practically initiated into the mysteries of the art by his amiable master. Not that they make a toil of their pastime. Several intervals occur, during the two days, very propitious to harmless mirth and instructive conversation. The "pretty Maudlin," who is found milking with her mother in the meadows, sings, with a "merry heart," one of her best songs; and a honeysuckle-hedge affords a fragrant shelter from a refreshing shower, "which falls so gently on the teeming earth, and gives a sweeter smell to the lovely flowers that adorn the verdant meadows." After spending their social evening, in song and anecdote, with two other friends unexpectedly arrived, Peter and Corydon—the one "a good angler and cheerful companion;" the other "a most downright, worthy, merry companion"—they retire early to their "fresh sheets that smell of lavender," to enjoy rosy dreams and light slumbers till sunrise. The fifth morning separates them; and Venator accompanies Piscator on his way to London. The following is the substance of their discourse as they walk to Tottenham High Cross.

\* Perhaps it is only fair to Dr. Johnson to state—and the information will doubtless be gratifying to all anglers—that it was he who revived, in his own day, a taste for this very book of Walton's.

Mayest thou, gentle reader, after every few days' recreation, return to thy daily toils with a similar spirit of gratitude and humility; above all, mayest thou follow the excellent advice here given!

"Well, scholar, having now taught you to paint your rod, and we having still a mile to Tottenham High Cross, I will, as we walk towards it in the cool shade of this sweet honeysuckle-hedge, mention to you some of the thoughts and joys that have possessed my soul since we met together; and these thoughts shall be told you, that you also may join with me in thankfulness to the Giver of every good and perfect gift for our happiness. And that our present happiness may appear to be the greater, and we the more thankful for it, I will beg you to consider with me how many do, even at this very time, lie under the torment of the stone, the gout, and toothache; and this we are free from. And every misery that I miss is a new mercy; and therefore let us be thankful. There have been, since we met, others that have met disasters of broken limbs; some have been blasted, others thunder-stricken; and we have been freed from these, and all those many other miseries that threaten human nature: let us therefore rejoice and be thankful. Nay, which is a far greater mercy, we are free from the insupportable burden of an accusing, tormenting conscience—a misery that none can bear: and therefore let us praise Him for His preventing grace, and say, Every misery that I miss is a new mercy. Nay, let me tell you, there be many that have forty times our estates, that would give the greatest part of it to be healthful and cheerful like us, who, with the expense of a little money, have eat, and drank, and laughed, and angled, and sung, and slept securely; and rose next day, and cast away care, and sung, and laughed, and angled again; which are blessings rich men cannot purchase with all their money. Let me tell you, scholar, I have a rich neighbour that is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh; the whole business of his life is to get money, and more money, that he may still get more and more money; he is still drudging on, and says that Solomon says, 'The diligent hand maketh rich:' and it is true indeed; but he considers not that it is not in the power of riches to make a man happy; for it was wisely said, by a man of great observation, 'That there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side them.' And yet God deliver us from pinching poverty, and grant that, having a competency, we may be content and thankful! Let not us repine, or so much as think the gifts of God unequally dealt, if we see another abound with riches; when, as God knows, the cares that are the keys that keep those riches hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdle, that they clog him with weary days and restless nights, even when others sleep quietly. We see but the outside of the rich man's happiness: few consider him to be like the silk-worm, that, when she seems to play, is, at the very same time, spinning her own bowels, and consuming herself; and this many rich men do, loading themselves with corroding cares, to keep what they have, probably, unconscionably got. Let us, therefore, be thankful for health and competence, and, above all, for a quiet conscience.

"Let me tell you, scholar, that Diogenes walked on a day, with his friend, to see a country fair; where he saw ribbons, and looking-glasses, and nut-crackers, and fiddles, and hobby-horses, and many other gimcracks; and, having observed them, and all the other finnimbruns that make a complete country fair, he said to his friend, 'Lord, how many things are there in this world of which Diogenes hath no need!' And truly it is so, or might be so, with very many who vex and toil themselves to get what they have no need of. Can any man charge God, that He hath not given him enough to make his life happy? No, doubtless; for nature is content with a little. And yet you shall hardly meet with a man that complains not of some want, though he, indeed, wants nothing but his will; it may be, nothing but his will of his poor neighbour, for not worshipping or not flattering him: and thus, when we might be happy and quiet, we create trouble to ourselves. I have heard of a man that was angry with

himself because he was no taller; and of a woman that broke her looking-glass because it would not shew her face to be as young and handsome as her next neighbour's was. And I knew another to whom God had given health and plenty, but a wife that nature had made peevish, and her husband's riches had made purse-proud; and must, because she was rich, and for no other virtue, sit in the highest pew in the church; which being denied her, she engaged her husband into a contention for it, and at last into a lawsuit with a dogged neighbour who was as rich as he, and had a wife as peevish and purse-proud as the other; and this lawsuit begot higher oppositions, and actionable words, and more vexations and lawsuits; for you must remember, that both were rich, and must therefore have their wills. Well, this wilful, purse-proud lawsuit lasted during the life of the first husband; after which his wife vexed and chid, and chid and vexed, till she also chid and vexed herself into her grave; and so the wealth of these poor rich people was cursed into a punishment, because they wanted meek and thankful hearts; for those only can make us happy. I knew a man that had health and riches, and several houses, all beautiful and ready furnished, and would often trouble himself and family to be removing from one house to another; and being asked by a friend why he removed so often from one house to another, replied, 'It was to find content in some one of them.' But his friend, knowing his temper, told him, 'If he would find content in any of his houses, he must leave himself behind him; for content will never dwell but in a meek and quiet soul.' And this may appear, if we read and consider what our Saviour says in St. Matthew's Gospel; for He there says, 'Blessed be the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed be the pure in heart, for they shall see God. Blessed be the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. And, Blessed be the meek, for they shall possess the earth.' Not that the meek shall not also obtain mercy, and see God, and be comforted, and at last come to the kingdom of heaven; but, in the meantime, he, and he only, possesses the earth, as he goes toward that kingdom of heaven, by being humble and cheerful, and content with what his good God has allotted him. He has no turbulent, repining, vexatious thoughts that he deserves better; nor is vexed when he sees others possessed of more honour, or more riches, than his wise God has allotted for his share: but he possesses what he has with a meek and contented quietness, such a quietness as makes his very dreams pleasing both to God and himself.

"My honest scholar, all this is told to incline you to thankfulness; and to incline you the more, let me tell you, that though the prophet David was guilty of murder and adultery, and many other of the most deadly sins, yet he was said to be a man after God's own heart, because he abounded more with thankfulness than any other that is mentioned in holy Scripture, as may appear in his book of Psalms, where there is such a commixture of his confessing of his sins and unworthiness, and such thankfulness for God's pardon and mercies, as did make him to be accounted, even by God Himself, to be a man after His own heart: and let us, in that, labour to be as like him as we can; let not the blessings we receive daily from God make us not to value, or not praise Him, because they be common; let not us forget to praise Him for the innocent mirth and pleasure we have met with since we met together. What would a blind man give to see the pleasant rivers, and meadows, and flowers, and fountains, that we have met with since we met together? I have been told, that if a man that was born blind could obtain to have his sight for but only one hour during his whole life, and should, at the first opening of his eyes, fix his sight upon the sun when it was in his full glory, either at the rising or setting of it, he would be so transported and amazed, and so admire the glory of it, that he would not willingly turn his eyes from that first ravishing object, to behold all the other various beauties this world could present to him. And this, and many other like blessings, we enjoy daily. And for most of them, because they be so common, most men forget to pay their praises: but let not us, because it is a sacrifice so pleasing to Him that made that sun and us, and still protects us, and gives us flowers, and showers, and stomachs, and meat, and content, and leisure to go a-fishing.

"Well scholar, I have almost tired myself, and, I fear, more than almost tired you. But I now see Tottenham High Cross; and our short walk thither shall put a period to my too long discourse; in which my meaning was, and is, to plant that in your mind with which I labour to possess my own soul,—that is, a meek and thankful heart. And to that end I have shewed you that riches without them (meekness and thankfulness) do not make any man happy. But let me tell you, that riches with them remove many fears and cares. And therefore my advice is, that you endeavour to be honestly rich, or contentedly poor; but be sure that your riches be justly got, or you spoil all. For it is well said by Caussin, 'He that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping.' Therefore be sure you look to that. And, in the next place, look to your health; and if you have it, praise God, and value it next to a good conscience; for health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of,—a blessing that money cannot buy; and therefore value it, and be thankful for it. As for money (which may be said to be the third blessing), neglect it not: but note, that there is no necessity of being rich; for I told you, there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side them: and, if you have a competence, enjoy it with a meek, cheerful, thankful heart. I will tell you, scholar, I have heard a grave divine say, that God has two dwellings,—one in heaven, and the other in a meek and thankful heart, which Almighty God grant to me and to my honest scholar! And so you are welcome to Tottenham High Cross."

*Venator.* "I thank you for your many instructions, which, God willing, I will not forget. And as St. Austin, in his *Confessions* (b. iv. c. 3), commemorates the kindness of his friend Verecundus, for lending him and his companion a country house, because there they rested and enjoyed themselves, free from the troubles of the world: so, having had the like advantage, both by your conversation and the art you have taught me, I ought ever to do the like; for, indeed, your company and discourse have been so useful and pleasant, that, I may truly say, I have only lived since I enjoyed them and turned angler, and not before. Nevertheless, here I must part with you, here in this now sad place where I was so happy as first to meet you: but I shall long for the ninth of May; for then I hope again to enjoy your beloved company at the appointed time and place. And now I wish for some somniferous potion, that might force me to sleep away the intermitted time, which will pass away with me as tediously as it does with men in sorrow; nevertheless, I will make it as short as I can by my hopes and wishes; and, my good master, I will not forget the doctrine which you told me Socrates taught his scholars, that they should not think to be honoured so much for being philosophers, as to honour philosophy by their virtuous lives. You advised me to the like concerning angling; and I will endeavour to do so, and to live like those many worthy men, of which you made mention in the former part of your discourse. This is my firm resolution. And as a pious man advised his friend, that, to beget mortification, he should frequent churches, and view monuments and charnel-houses, and then and there consider how many dead bones time had piled up at the gates of death; so when I would beget content, and increase confidence in the power, and wisdom, and providence of Almighty God, I will walk the meadows, by some gliding stream, and there contemplate the lilies that take no care, and those very many other various little living creatures that are not only created, but fed (man knows not how) by the goodness of the God of nature, and therefore trust in Him. This is my purpose: and so, 'let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord.' And let the blessing of St. Peter's Master be with mine."

*Piscator.* "And upon all that are lovers of virtue, and dare trust in His providence, and be quiet, and go a-angling."—"Study to be quiet." (1 Thess. iv. 11.)

When it is considered at what period of English history this book was written, its guileless and thankful spirit is in delightful contrast to the wickedness of those sad times. How consoling



to know that, amid all their turbulence, cruelty, insubordination, and blasphemy, there were simple and honest-minded men, like Izaak Walton, who, having no sympathy with such deeds of violence and wrong, turned away from the confusion of man's government, to contemplate, meekly and with reverence, the order and beauty so prodigally scattered over the works, as well as the word, of God! Such was Walton's occupation during the greater part of this eventful period. In the privacy of domestic life, blessed with the society, not of his own family only, but of one of those excellent clergymen\* whom the violence of wicked men had driven from their homes, and to whom Walton's cottage afforded willing and hospitable shelter,—he daily exemplified the virtues of a sound heartfelt faith and an honest conversation.

"Here," observes Mr. Bowles, "was the proscribed service of the Church of England performed daily in secrecy by the faithful minister of Christ and His Church, now fallen in evil days: and we can hardly conceive a more affecting group: the simple, placid, apostolic Piscator—Kenna, his dutiful, pious, prudent, and beloved wife, the sister of Ken—the infant child—and the faithful minister of the Church, dispossessed of all worldly wealth, and here finding shelter, and peace, and prayer."

Walton's residence at Stafford enabled him to do an act of good service to the cause of his rejected sovereign, which he dutifully espoused. It relates to an event which occurred at the fatal battle of Worcester—Cromwell's "crowning mercy," as that fanatic was wont to designate the victory which he there achieved. Ashmole, in his *History of the Order of the Garter*, when speaking of the ensigns of his order, says: "Nor will it be unfitly here remembered, by what good fortune the present sovereign's Lesser George, set with fair diamonds, was preserved after the defeat given to the Scotch forces at Worcester, anno 1651. Among the rest of his attendants then dispersed, Colonel Blague was one; who, taking shelter at Blore-pipe-house in Staffordshire, where one Mr. George Barlow then dwelt, delivered his wife this George to secure. Within a week after, Mr. Barlow himself carried it to Robert Milward, Esq., he being then a prisoner to the Parliament, in the garrison of Stafford; and by his means was it happily preserved and restored; for, not long after, he delivered it to Mr. Izaak Walton (a man well known, and as well beloved of all good men), to be given to Colonel Blague, then a prisoner in the Tower," who eventually delivered it into safe keeping.

It was probably about the same time that Walton wrote the following lines, so illustrative of his pursuits and disposition:—

\* The individual here alluded to, as sharing his hospitality and protection, was Dr. George Morley, then one of the ejected canons of Christ Church. Their acquaintance probably had commenced at the house of their mutual friend, Dr. Donne.

## THE ANGLER'S WISH.

I in these flowery meads would be ;  
 These crystal streams should solace me,  
 To whose harmonious bubbling noise  
 I with my angle would rejoice ;  
     Sit here, and see the turtle-dove  
     Court his chaste mate to acts of love :

Or, on that bank, feel the west wind  
 Breathe health and plenty ; please my mind  
 To see sweet dewdrops kiss these flowers,  
 And then wash'd off by April showers ;  
     Here, hear my Kenna sing a song ;  
     There, see a blackbird feed her young,

Or a laverock build her nest ;  
 Here, give my weary spirits rest,  
 And raise my low-pitch'd thoughts above  
 Earth, or what poor mortals love :  
     Thus, free from lawsuits and the noise  
     Of princes' courts, I would rejoice ;

Or, with my Bryan\* and a book,  
 Loiter long days near Shawford brook ;  
 There sit by him, and eat my meat,  
 There see the sun both rise and set ;  
     There bid good-morrow to next day ;  
     There meditate my time away,  
     And angle on ; and beg to have  
     A quiet passage to a welcome grave.

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 CHAP. III.

SUCH being Walton's pursuits and companions, we shall easily imagine his gratification to have been great at the restoration of Charles II. to the throne of his ancestors. Alluding to this period in his writings,† he observes : " Towards the beginning of the year 1660, when the many mixed sects,‡ and their creators and merciless protectors, had led or driven each other into a whirlpool of confusion both in Church and State ; when amazement and fear had seized most of them, by foreseeing they must now not only vomit up the Church's and king's land, but their accusing conscience did also give them an inward and fearful intelligence, that the god of opposition, disobedience, and con-

\* The name of his favourite dog.

† Life of Hooker.

‡ Hume declares that it is impossible to enumerate the number of sects which prevailed in England during this period : vol. vii. p. 293. The author of *Gangræna* reckons no fewer than one hundred and seventy-six heretical and blasphemous tenets maintained by the sectaries between the years 1642 and 1646.

fusion, which they had so long and so diligently feared, was now ready to reward them with such wages as he always pays to wretches for their obeying him; when these wretches, which had said to themselves, 'we shall see no sorrow,' were come to see an end of their cruel reign, by our king's return, and such sufferers as Dr. Sanderson (and with him many of the oppressed clergy, and others) could foresee the cloud of their afflictions would be dispersed by it; then, the 29th of May following, the king was by our good God restored to us, and we to our known laws and liberties, and then a general joy and peace seemed to breathe through the three nations. The suffering and sequestered clergy, who had, like the children of Israel, sat long lamenting their sad condition, and hanged their neglected harps on the willows that grow by the rivers of Babylon, were, after many thoughtful days and restless nights, now freed from their sequestration, restored to their revenues, and to a liberty to adore, praise, and pray to Almighty God publicly, in such order as their consciences and oaths had formerly obliged them."

He further celebrated that event in "an humble eclog," of which the following are the opening lines:—

"Hail, happy day! Dorus, sit down;  
Now let no sigh, nor let a frown,  
Lodge near thy heart nor on thy brow.  
The king, the king's returned! and now  
Let's banish all sad thoughts, and sing—  
We have our laws, and have our king."

To this invitation, however, Dorus replies, that he fain would sing, but these wars have sunk his heart so low, that it will not be raised. Damon asks:—

"What, not this day?  
Why, 'tis the twenty-ninth of May:  
Let rebels' spirits sink: let those  
That, like the Goths and Vandals, rose  
To ruin families, and bring  
Contempt upon our Church and King,  
And all that's dear to us,—be sad:  
But be not thou—let us be glad."

Such is the happiness which goodness ever embosoms. But, alas! even the highest state of human felicity is checkered with sorrow: within two years after the restoration, Walton again became a widower. It would appear, from the fact of her interment having taken place at Worcester Cathedral, that his wife died while they were visiting the excellently learned and pious bishop of that diocese, his old friend Dr. Morley, who, on his return to England at the restoration, was successively made Dean of Christ Church and Bishop of Worcester. In her epitaph, written by her husband, she is described as being of "remarkable

prudence, and of the primitive piety; her great and general knowledge being adorned with true humility, and blessed with Christian meekness,"—a character which it is devoutly to be wished the women of England would endeavour to imitate.

After this event, he took up his residence, together with his two children, with Bishop Morley, who had lately been translated to the bishopric of Winchester, and to which he was a most munificent benefactor. In this calm retreat, amid so many associations in which his honest nature would delight, Walton soon regained his usual cheerfulness, and resumed his literary labours,—an occupation which of all others, when pursued in subordination to God's glory, has the most soothing influence on the mind and feelings. For the pursuit of sound learning, as Origen reminds the infidel Celsus, who taunted Christianity with fostering ignorance, is the road to virtue; and virtue, we all know, is only another name for happiness. Here it was (1665) that he wrote the life of "that most learned, most humble, holy man," Richard Hooker,—a name the most renowned in English theology, and whose immortal work on "the Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity" must ever remain among the noblest efforts of human learning.

It has been before observed, that Walton's writings are interspersed with many severe but just animadversions upon the evil tongues and evil days in which he had fallen. Circumstances now occurred which afforded him the opportunity of expressing his opinions in a more systematic form. In the year 1668 a plan was proposed, at the urgent request of the king, by the then lord-keeper, for the comprehension of the Presbyterians, and the toleration of the Independents and other sectaries. In an evil hour a bill was prepared for that purpose by Sir Matthew Hale; but, on being brought before the House of Commons, it was all but unanimously rejected, to the great affront and dissatisfaction of the nonconformists, and a bill against conventicles enacted in its stead. Such men as Izaak Walton, who had seen quite enough of the result of these concessions to the Scotch, and his own nation during the rebellion, would doubtless most sincerely thank God, that a measure fraught with such imminent peril to His Church had been brought to nought. He has, indeed, left it upon record as his opinion, "that of this party there were many who were possessed of an high degree of spiritual wickedness—I mean, with an innate, restless, radical pride and malice; I mean not those lesser sins which are more visible and more properly carnal, and sins against a man's self, as gluttony, drunkenness, and the like (from which, good Lord, deliver us), but sins of a higher nature, because more unlike the nature of God, which is love, and mercy, and peace; and more like the devil\* (who is no glutton,

\* This reminds one of an anecdote told by Hume, in reference to this period. "Your friends, the Cavaliers," said a parliamentarian to a royalist, "are very dissolute

nor can be drunk, and yet is a devil); those wickednesses of malice, and revenge, and opposition, and a complacence in working and beholding confusion, which are more properly his work, who is the enemy and disturber of mankind, and greater sins, though many will not believe it; men whom a furious zeal and prejudice hath blinded, and made incapable of hearing reason, or adhering to the ways of peace; men whom pride and self-conceit had made to overvalue their own wisdom and become pertinacious, and to hold foolish and unmannerly disputes against those men which they ought to reverence, and those laws which they ought to obey; men that laboured and joyed to speak evil of government, and then to be the authors of confusion—of confusion as it is confusion; whom company, and conversation, and custom had blinded, and made insensible that these were errors; and at last became so restless and hardened in their opinions, that like those who perished in the gainsaying of Korah, so these died without repenting these spiritual wickednesses, of which Coppinger and Hacket, and their adherents, are too sad testimonies.”

Holding such sentiments as these, it is not remarkable that Walton should have been the author of a letter, dated the 18th of February, 1668, which, with another on the same subject written about ten years afterwards, a similar plan of comprehension having been again proposed, was published in 1680, under the title of “Love and Truth; in two modest and peaceable letters concerning the distempers of the present times, written from a quiet and conformable citizen in London to two busy and factious shopkeepers in Coventry.”

As these letters were written in days in which “schism and sedition were taken to be no sin by men who pretended a tenderness of conscience in much smaller matters, for the purpose of unbeguiling many men that meant well, and yet had been too busy in meddling and decrying things they understood not,” it need scarcely be said that they are painfully applicable to our own age. The reader will find them to contain very plain and satisfactory answers to the cavils most usually made against the doctrine and discipline of the Church, particularly those portions which we enjoy in common with the Romanists, and against our excellent civil constitution. The second letter concludes with a resolution, which is here transcribed for the reader’s benefit:—

“Almighty God hath appointed me to live in an age in which contention increases, and charity decays; and it is certain that varieties of opinion, and controversies in religion, declare difficulty to know them truly: but my comfort is, that, without controversy, there is so much religion without controversy, as, by the true practice of what is so, I may save my soul. And therefore to make sure of that, I will first become an

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and debauched.” “True,” replied the royalist, “they have the infirmities of men; but your friends, the Roundheads, have the vices of devils,—tyranny, rebellion, and spiritual pride.”—HUME’S *Hist.* vii. 282.

humble Christian, and conclude, that I will in all doubtful things obey my governors [the Church]; for sure they see a reason, which I neither can or need to know, why they command them: I will be sure to be humble, to fast and pray, to be charitable, to visit and comfort dejected families, to love my neighbours, to pardon my enemies, and to do good to all mankind, as far as God shall enable me. For I am sure these to be sacrifices which please God Almighty, and will bring peace at last; and I am sure that by using, these graces, and my faith in Christ's merits for my salvation, will be more and more confirmed; and by still using them, more and more new graces will still be added, and be still more and more confirmed; so confirmed as to bear witness with me, and be my comfort, when I must make my last and great account to the Searcher of all hearts."

About this time also he commenced writing George Herbert's life—that "pattern of primitive piety"—and revising his former memoirs for publication in one volume, which he dedicated, as before, to his friend Bishop Morley, with whom he still continued chiefly to reside. He not unfrequently, however, visited his friend Charles Cotton, at Beresford, a celebrated brother of the angle, who wrote, at Walton's request, a treatise on fly-fishing, which was appended to the "Complete Angler." He also spent much of his time with his two children, both now being comfortably settled in life. Ann was married to Dr. William Hawkins, a prebendary of Winchester; and his son Izaak, after having been tutored by his maternal uncle, the future Bishop Ken, had graduated at Oxford, travelled on the continent, received holy orders, and obtained valuable preferment. He was a man of great taste, learning, and piety; and is said to have contributed largely to "Walker's Sufferings of the Clergy" during the rebellion.

Although Walton had now attained that advanced age, which, as he humorously observes, "might have obtained him a writ of ease," still, such was the vigour of his sound intellect, that he commenced and finished his "Life of Bishop Sanderson," the eminent scholar and divine, who is supposed to have contributed the general thanksgiving to the Prayer-book, in the last revision of which he was concerned. This, with the exception of a little poem which he edited, called "Thealma and Clearchus," a pastoral history, in smooth and easy verse, was his last literary effort.

On the 9th of August, 1683, Walton reached his ninetieth year, on which day also he began his will; and although in entire possession of his faculties, together with a greater share of strength than is usual at that very advanced period of life, enjoying

" An old age serene and bright,  
And lovely as a Lapland night,"

it is not surprising that he did not survive the severity of the following winter. He died surrounded by those most dear to him, at the residence of his son-in-law, Dr. Hawkins, "whom he

loved as his own son," and was buried in Winchester Cathedral—the same appropriate resting-place which awaited his venerable friend, Bishop Morley, about a year afterwards.

The following modest inscription is placed over Walton's remains,—“that body;” to use his own beautiful language in reference to Donne, “which was once the temple of the Holy Ghost, and is now a small quantity of Christian dust.”

Here resteth the Body of  
MR. ISAAC WALTON,  
WHO DYED THE 15TH OF DECEMBER,  
1683.

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## CHAP. IV.

IN taking a review of Walton's character, it will be found that a reverent regard for long and wisely established principles—in other words, the spirit of obedience, “that principal virtue of all virtues, and the cause of all felicity,” was the foundation of his eminence. While, doubtless, tempted, like his contemporaries, to be a furious demagogue or a noisy fanatic, he preferred, to use his own words, “the former piety and plain-dealing to all the cruelty and cunning” of the mere profession of extraordinary sanctity. Conduct such as this must inevitably gain the respect of all whose respect is worth possessing; for, however humble a man's calling may be, so long as he discharges it faithfully and honestly, he is below no one's consideration, especially when uniting, as in Walton's case, a genuine love of literature, and the quiet pursuit of it. Leaving public matters to public men, he sought repose in the bosom of his own family, where he had the opportunity of acquiring and exercising those many virtues for which domestic life is the appropriate field. “At home,” saith Aristotle, “the springs of human action have their source;” and here too is the cradle

“for those first affections,  
Those shadowy recollections,  
Which, be they what they may,  
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,  
Are yet a master-light of all our seeing;  
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make  
Our noisy years seem moments in the being  
Of the eternal silence: truths that wake,  
To perish never;  
Which neither listlessness nor mad endeavour,  
Nor man nor boy,  
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,  
Can utterly abolish or destroy.”

It is, indeed, a very bad sign, when, under the absurd pretext of benefiting the whole community, men neglect the parts of which every whole is composed; in other words, when, on the plea of serving their country, and so forth, they neglect their personal and domestic duties. And yet this is one of the plague-spots of our times. The council-chamber, the vestry-meeting, the hall of science, the lecture-room, the conventicle, are now the arenas upon which busy and factious shopkeepers are ambitious of distinguishing themselves. Instead of quietly discharging the duties of their calling, and confining themselves to matters within their own sphere of action, they too frequently entangle themselves with concerns, and aim at positions, for which they are unfitted alike by birth and education. The consequence is, that the business of their proper vocation being neglected, it proves unsuccessful; yet rather than assign their misfortune to the real cause—their own misconduct—they charge it upon the state of the times in which they live,—as if in any times, or under any form of civil government, men could neglect their duty with impunity. Misfortune leads to discontent, under whose galling influence they become ready to engage in any enterprise, however rash, whereby they imagine their condition may be bettered. Hence it is that the middling classes of our large manufacturing towns and villages have been of late so ready a prey to fanatics and demagogues. Hence the wildest schemes have been propagated with success, the order of society reversed, foundations stirred, and long-tried principles uprooted, chiefly by the senseless clamour of those who, if they had attended to their shops and counting-houses, would have been too well occupied to have listened to selfish agitators in Church or State! How miserable has been the result of such conduct! The infidel Voltaire was wont to say, in allusion to our septennial parliaments, that “England is mad every seventh year.” Alas, such madness is now perpetuated in those innumerable elections, parliamentary, municipal, or parochial, which create such tumult, opposition, and heart-burnings among us. It was not so that our forefathers of humbler station acted; and if ever England is again to be happy England, it will be when her citizens of the middling classes live in a quiet discharge of their duties, and are contented with a sphere which, being exempted from the seductions of the highest as well as from the privations of the lowest, may well be said to be the happiest of all stations:

“’Tis better to be lowly born,  
And range with humble livers in content,  
Than to be perk’d up in a glistering grief,  
And wear a golden sorrow.”

Let it not be said, that this advice, if acted upon, would tend to check enterprising spirits, and prevent men in humbler life from



rising in the world. The very reverse is the fact. It is only by systematic attention to their pursuits, that men of any class can be successful; and most of all, that they who are engaged in trades and manufactures can be so. By such conduct alone it is that fortunes have ever been amassed and families exalted. Quiet times also are favourable to successful speculations, while in periods of political excitement it is well known that there is a sad stagnation in all mercantile pursuits. "Many," observes Hume, in describing the evils of the rebellion, "began to withdraw their effects beyond sea: foreigners scrupled to give any credit to a people so torn by domestic faction and oppressed by military usurpation; even the internal commerce of the kingdom began to stagnate." On the principle of mere expediency, therefore, it is necessary that English citizens should confine themselves exclusively to the duties of that station of life to which it has pleased God to call them, would they reap the reward of industry, and enjoy the honourable gratification of seeing their children occupy more important positions in society than themselves. It was such conduct which enabled Izaak Walton to gain, "neither by falsehood or flattery," as he himself tells us, a competency, and then retire from business in time to spend his latter years in retirement and peace, as well as to give his children an education which fitted them not only for occupying, but adorning, the higher walks of life.

Nor should the influence which the friends of Walton exercised in the formation of his high character be forgotten; since, next the immediate blessing and providence of Almighty God, we are more indebted to our friendships in this matter than to any thing else. In order to make young trees grow, they must be planted in the neighbourhood of those higher than themselves; and so it is in man's moral and intellectual growth. The great Lord Clarendon has observed, that in the whole course of his life he never knew one man, of what condition soever, arrive to any degree of reputation in the world, who made choice or delighted in the company or conversation of those who in their qualities were inferior, or in their parts not much superior, to himself. And doubtless this was the principle upon which Walton acted,—“he was seen twice in no man's company he did not like, and liked none but such as he believed to be very honest men.” Keeping to this determination, he was enabled, while neither despising his inferiors, nor flattering those above him, to enjoy the friendship of many who taught him learning by instruction, and virtue by example. Of course, it will not always happen that persons have the power, whatever may be their inclination, to form such friendships; one thing, however, is certain,—none need make a familiar friend of him who is mentally or morally his inferior. And though all have not the opportunity of associating with such men as

Walton had, still every one who has, like him, a taste for reading, may live with such in imagination, and from their written works imbibe their very thoughts and spirit, unalloyed by any of those imperfections which are more or less visible in all when seen face to face in personal intercourse.

"If I were to pray for a taste," observes Sir John Herschel, "which would stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading. I speak of it of course only as a worldly advantage, and not in the slightest degree as superseding or derogating from the higher office and surer and stronger panoply of religious principles—but as a taste, an instrument and a mode of pleasurable gratification. Give a man this taste, and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making a happy man, unless, indeed, you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history—with the wisest, the wittiest—with the tenderest, the bravest, and the purest characters who have adorned humanity. You make him a denizen of all nations—a contemporary of all ages. The world has been created for him. It is hardly possible but the character should take a higher and better tone from the constant habit of associating in thought with a class of thinkers, to say the least of it, above the average of humanity. It is morally impossible but that the manners should take a tinge of good breeding and civilization from having constantly before one's eyes the way in which the best-bred and the best-informed men have talked and conducted themselves in their intercourse with each other." And thus, though few can have Walton's privilege of personally associating with the great and good—even did the nineteenth century produce such men as the giants of his day,—still the humblest mechanic may model his mind and direct his conduct by the example of those famous ones, who, though dead, yet speak in their writings.

Nothing, therefore, could be more impolitic, even if it were possible, than to check the spirit of inquiry now so prevalent among all classes of society, and which, as we have seen, may be made subservient to such beneficial ends. But as no earthly good is without a concomitant evil, the great danger here is, lest the appetite for information thus excited should be made the occasion for designing men to provide unwholesome food, by mingling with their instructions unsound political and religious opinions, and thus teaching men to be arrogant, self-sufficient, and sceptical, rather than humble, submissive, and distrustful of their own powers. This is the grand error of what are called mechanics' institutes, in which each member is trained to be an original

thinker, "an intellectual all in all;" and while a mere dabbler in science or politics, is taught to consider himself as a Bacon, a Newton, or a Burke. Hence these institutions have been the training-schools for sedition and heresy, for Chartists and Owenites. But this is not the natural tendency of sound learning when controlled and directed by religion, so that it were unjust to condemn all knowledge in this its base counterfeit. Only let our English citizens have a wholesome supply of literature, and drink deeply of those wells of English undefiled, which flow from such writings as those of Shakspeare, Hooker, Bacon, Clarendon, and Wordsworth, and the result will soon be obvious.

It would be a great oversight, in estimating Walton's character, to omit another very important element of it—his devout admiration of the works of the Creator, for the indulgence of which his favourite pursuit of angling afforded such ample scope. Witness the following beautiful passage from the *Angler* :—

"Look under that broad beech-tree; I sat down when I was last this way a-fishing, and the birds in the adjoining grove seemed to have a friendly contention with an echo, whose dead voice seemed to live in a hollow cave, near to the brow of that primrose hill: there I sat viewing the silver streams glide silently towards their centre, the tempestuous sea; yet sometimes opposed by rugged roots and pebble-stones, which broke their waves, and turned them into foam; and sometimes viewing the harmless lambs; some leaping securely in the cool shade, whilst others sported themselves in the cheerful sun, and others were craving comfort from the swelling udders of their bleating dams. As I thus sat, these and other sights so fully possessed my soul, that I thought, as the poet has happily expressed it—

"I was for that time lifted above earth,  
And possess'd joys not promised in my birth."

Thus was he often taken from the selfish pursuits of a populous city; and while reading the ever-open and instructive book of nature, would he learn many lessons of gratitude, of patience, and of charity:

"One impulse from a vernal wood  
May teach you more of man,  
Of moral evil and of good,  
Than all the sages can."

Yes, apart from the recreative influence of such scenes, no one, whatever be his condition, can duly estimate the aid afforded even by an occasional abstraction from the world, in the subduing of those wayward passions, which, in the "various bustle of resort," are all too ruffled and excited. "The conquest of the world, and of ourselves," wisely writes the author of the *Rambler*, "is the perfection of human nature: and this is only to be obtained by

fervent prayer, steady resolutions, and frequent retirement from folly and vanity; from the cares of avarice, and the joys of intemperance; from the lulling sounds of deceitful flattery, and the tempting sight of prosperous wickedness." And who so poor or busy as not to be able to enjoy a few of these precious moments? Might not, for instance, the most laborious artisan thus employ the intervals of leisure connected with the holy days of the Church? If, instead, as is too generally the case, of desecrating these seasons in the contaminating idleness of a town, he, after joining in the divine services appointed for such festivals, rambled with his family through the green fields and quiet lanes of the country, depend upon it he would not only experience pleasure unfelt by the licentious and intemperate, but would return to his daily toils improved both in health and morals, and better prepared to bear with patience the inconveniences incident, more or less, to every human avocation.

With all his enthusiastic admiration of natural scenery, however, Walton was not one of those who looked upon nature in that heathenish light which makes it usurp the place of nature's God. Still less, with the earliest assailant of the faith (Celsus), did he make the "wisdom beyond thought and power divine," displayed even in the Creator's lowest works, an apology for depriving man of the privilege, and consequent responsibility, of being the especial object of God's merciful care and providence. No, he gazed upon the external world with the eye of a Christian, as well as of a poet and a philosopher; and thus imbibed a pleasure, and glowed with a gratitude, which the Christian can alone experience from such contemplations:—

"He looks abroad into the varied field  
Of nature; and though poor, perhaps, compared  
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,  
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.  
His are the mountains, and the valleys his,  
And the resplendent rivers. His to enjoy  
With a propriety that none can feel,  
But who, with filial confidence inspired,  
Can lift to heaven an unpresumptuous eye,  
And smiling say, 'My Father made them all.'"

How refreshing to turn from the lawless spirits of the nineteenth (as well as of the seventeenth) century, to a man like Izaak Walton! Than his there are few names which excite more pleasing associations; none in which the virtues of the pious Churchman, the peaceable citizen, the devout admirer of nature's works, the companion and biographer of learned and holy men, shine with more attractive grace and lustre. We feel a natural reverence for one, who, in consideration not of birth or station, but of his amiable and honest nature, became the friend of Donne

and Wotton, Sanderson and Morley; and who has portrayed with a pen—to use the beautiful imagery of Wordsworth—“dropped from an angel’s wing,” the mind and life of a Hooker and a Herbert. While enjoying the soothing influence of natural scenery; the bright sunshine of a fresh May morning; murmuring streams and rapid rivers; the hum of insects; the charm of earliest birds; the sweet perfume of the violet; and all those varied sights, and sounds, and odours, with which vernal scenes abound,—we love the associate who enables us to appreciate such society—the monuments of the Creator’s power and love, and “to drink at every pore the spirit of the season.” All this Walton has done: and while ever holy men, and holy thoughts, and holy scenes, are dear to the unsophisticated heart, his name will be had in affectionate remembrance. Every returning spring recalls it to our memory; and every succeeding winter owns its heart-easing power, as by a quiet fireside his exquisitely-written “Lives” are studied, where, with moistened eye,

“ We read of faith and purest clarity,  
 In statesman, priest, and humble citizen.  
 Oh, could we copy their mild virtues, then  
 What joy to live, what blessedness to die!  
 Methinks their very names shine still and bright,  
 Apart—like glow-worms in the woods of spring,  
 Or lonely tapers shooting far a light,  
 That guides and cheers—or seen like stars on high,  
 Satellites burning in a lucid ring  
 Around meek Walton’s heavenly memory.”

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“ BLESSED IS THE MAN THAT HATH NOT WALKED IN THE COUNSEL OF THE UNGODLY, NOR STOOD IN THE WAY OF SINNERS; AND HATH NOT SAT IN THE SEAT OF THE SCORNFUL. BUT HIS DELIGHT IS IN THE LAW OF THE LORD; AND IN HIS LAW WILL HE EXERCISE HIMSELF DAY AND NIGHT. AND HE SHALL BE LIKE A TREE PLANTED BY THE WATER-SIDE: THAT WILL BRING FORTH HIS FRUIT IN DUE SEASON. HIS LEAF ALSO SHALL NOT WITHER: AND, LOOK, WHATSOEVER HE DOETH, IT SHALL PROSPER.”

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## SIR HENRY WOTTON.\*

BORN 1568—DIED 1639.

**S**IR HENRY WOTTON was born in the year of our redemption 1568, in Bocton or Boughton Place, Bocton Malherbe, in Kent.

The father of Sir Henry Wotton was twice married; first, to Elizabeth, the daughter of Sir John Rudstone, Knight; and then to Mrs. Eleonora Morton, widow to Robert Morton, of Kent, Esq. By her (who was the daughter of Sir William Finch, of Eastwell in Kent), he had only Henry, his youngest son. His mother undertook to be tutoress unto him during much of his childhood; for whose care and pains he paid her each day with such visible signs of future perfection in learning, as turned her employment into a pleasing trouble, which she was content to continue, till his father took him into his own particular care, and disposed of him to a tutor in his own house at Bocton. And when time and diligent instruction had made him fit for a removal to a higher form (which was very early), he was sent to Winchester School, a place of strict discipline and order, so that he might in his youth be moulded into a method of living by rule, which his wise father knew to be the most necessary way to make the future part of his life both happy to himself, and useful for the discharge of all business, whether public or private. And that he might be confirmed in this regularity, he was at a fit age removed from that school, to be a commoner of New College, in Oxford; both being founded by William of Wykeham, bishop of Winchester. There he continued till about the eighteenth year of his age, and was then transplanted into Queen's College.

About the twentieth year of his age he proceeded Master of Arts; and at that time read in Latin three lectures, wherein he—having described the form, the motion, the curious composure of the eye, and demonstrated how of those very many parts every humour and nerve performs its distinct office, so as the God of order hath appointed, without mixture or confusion; and all this to the advantage of man, to whom the eye is given, not only as the body's guide, but whereas all other of his senses require time to inform the soul, this in an instant apprehends and warns him of danger; teaching him in the very eyes of

\* Abridged from Izaak Walton.

others to discover wit, folly, love, or hatred;—after he had made these and many other like learned observations, he, in the conclusion of his lectures, took a fair occasion to beautify his discourse with a commendation of the blessing and benefit of “seeing; by which we do not only discover nature’s secrets, but with a continued content (for the eye is never weary of seeing) behold the great light of the world, and by it discover the fabric of the heavens, and both the order and motion of the celestial orbs; nay, that if the eye look but downward, it may rejoice to behold the bosom of the earth, our common mother, embroidered and adorned with numberless and various flowers, which man sees daily grow up to perfection, and then silently moralize his own condition, who in a short time (like those very flowers) decays, withers, and quickly returns again to that earth from which both had their first being.”

His stay at the University was not long, at least not so long as his friends once intended; for the year after Sir Henry proceeded Master of Arts, his father (whom Sir Henry did never mention without this or some like reverential expression; as, “That good man, my father,” or, “My father, the best of men,”) —about this time, this good man changed this for a better life; leaving to Sir Henry, as to his other younger sons, a rent-charge of an hundred marks a year, to be paid for ever out of some one of his manors of a much greater value.

Before I shall invite the reader to follow him into a foreign nation, though I must pass over divers persons that were then in Oxford, of memorable note for learning, and friends to Sir Henry Wotton, yet I must not omit the mention of a love that was there begun betwixt him and Dr. Donne. The friendship of these two I must not omit to mention, being such a friendship as was generously elemented; and as it was begun in their youth, and in an university, and there maintained by correspondent inclinations and studies, so it lasted till age and death forced a separation.

In Oxford he stayed till about two years after his father’s death; at which time he was about the twenty-second year of his age; and having to his great wit added the ballast of learning, and knowledge of the arts, he then laid aside his books, and betook himself to the useful library of travel, and a more general conversation with mankind; employing the remaining part of his youth, his industry, and fortune, to adorn his mind, and to purchase the rich treasure of foreign knowledge.

In his travels he visited France, Germany, and Italy (the stage on which God appointed he should act a great part of his life), and he became acquainted with the most eminent men in Rome, Venice, and Florence, for learning and all manner of arts; as picture, sculpture, chemistry, architecture, and also other manual

arts, even arts of inferior nature; of all which he was a most dear lover and a most excellent judge.

He returned out of Italy into England about the thirtieth year of his age, being then noted by many both for his person and comportment; for indeed he was tall of stature, and of a most persuasive behaviour, which was so mixed with sweet discourse and civilities, that his company seemed to be one of the delights of mankind, insomuch that Robert, Earl of Essex (then in greatest favour with Queen Elizabeth) invited him, after a knowledge of his great abilities, to be one of his secretaries.

Sir Henry being now taken into a serviceable friendship with the Earl of Essex, did personally attend his counsels and employments in two voyages at sea against the Spaniards, and also in that voyage into Ireland wherein he then did so much provoke the queen to anger, and worse at his return into England.

Sir Henry Wotton, though he was not of that faction which encouraged the earl to those undertakings which proved so fatal to him and divers of his confederation, he thought prevention, by absence out of England, a better security than to stay in it, and there plead his innocency in a prison. Therefore did he, so soon as the earl was apprehended, very quickly, and as privately, glide through Kent to Dover, without so much as looking toward his native and beloved Bocton; and was, by the help of favourable winds and liberal payment of the mariners, within sixteen hours after his departure from London, set upon the French shore, where he heard shortly after that the earl was arraigned, condemned, and beheaded.

The times did not look so favourably upon Sir Henry Wotton as to invite his return into England: having therefore procured of Sir Edward Wotton, his elder brother, an assurance that his annuity should be paid him in Italy, thither he went, happily renewing his intermitted friendship and interest; and, indeed, his great content in a new conversation with his old acquaintance in that nation, and more particularly in Florence (which city is not more eminent for the great duke's court than for the great recourse of men of choicest note for learning and arts), in which number he there met with his old friend, Signior Vietta, a gentleman of Venice, and then taken to be secretary to the Grand Duke of Tuscany.

After some stay in Florence, he went the fourth time to visit Rome, where in the English college he had very many friends (their humanity made them really so, though they knew that he dissented from many of their principles of religion); and having enjoyed their company, and satisfied himself concerning some curiosities that did partly occasion his journey thither, he returned back to Florence, where a most notable accident befel him—an accident that did not only find new employment for his



choice abilities, but did introduce him to a knowledge and an interest with King James, then king of Scotland, which I shall proceed to relate.

Immediately after Sir Henry Wotton's return from Rome to Florence (which was about a year before the death of Queen Elizabeth), Ferdinand, the Great Duke of Florence, had intercepted certain letters, that discovered a design to take away the life of King James. The duke abhorring this fact, and resolving to endeavour a prevention of it, advised with his secretary, Vietta, by what means a caution might be best given to that king; and after consideration, it was resolved to be done by Sir Henry Wotton, whom Vietta first commended to the duke, and the duke had noted and approved of above all the English that frequented his court.

Sir Henry was gladly called by his friend Vietta to the duke, who, after much profession of trust and friendship, acquainted him with the secret; and, being well instructed, despatched him into Scotland with letters to the king, and with those letters such Italian antidotes against poison as the Scots till then had been stranger to.

Having parted from the duke, he took up the name and language of an Italian; and thinking it best to avoid the line of English intelligence and danger, he posted into Norway, and through that country towards Scotland, where he found the king at Stirling. Being there, he used means, by Bernard Lindsey, one of the king's bedchamber, to procure him a speedy and private conference with his majesty, assuring him, "That the business which he was to negotiate was of such consequence, as had caused the Great Duke of Tuscany to enjoin him suddenly to leave Italy, to impart it to his king." This being by Bernard Lindsey made known to the king, the king, after a little wonder (mixed with jealousy) to hear of an Italian ambassador, or messenger, required his name (which was said to be Octavio Baldi), and appointed him to be heard privately at a fixed hour that evening.

When Octavio Baldi came to the presence-chamber door, he was requested to lay aside his long rapier (which, Italian-like, he then wore); and having entered the chamber he found there with the king three or four Scotch lords standing distant in several corners of the chamber, at the sight of whom he made a stand, which the king observing, "bade him be bold, and deliver his message; for he would undertake for the secrecy of all that were present." Then did Octavio Baldi deliver his letters and his message to the king in Italian; which, when the king had graciously received, after a little pause, Octavio Baldi steps to the table, and whispers to the king, in his own language, that he was an Englishman, beseeching him for a more private conference with his majesty, and that he might be concealed during his stay

in that nation ; which was promised and really performed by the king, during his abode there, which was about three months ; all which time was spent with much pleasantness to the king, and with as much to Octavio Baldi himself as that country could afford ; from which he departed as true an Italian as he came thither.

To the Duke of Florence he returned with a fair and grateful account of his employment ; and within some few months after his return, there came certain news to Florence that Queen Elizabeth was dead ; and James, king of the Scots, proclaimed king of England. The duke knowing travel and business to be the best schools of wisdom, and that Sir Henry Wotton had been tutored in both, advised him to return presently to England, and there give the king joy of his new and better title, and wait upon fortune for a better employment.

When King James came into England, he found, amongst others of the late queen's officers, Sir Edward, who was after Lord Wotton, comptroller of the house, of whom he demanded, " If he knew one Henry Wotton, that had spent much time in foreign travel ?" The lord replied, he knew him well, and that he was his brother. Then the king, asking where he then was, was answered, at Venice or Florence ; but, by late letters from thence, he understood he would suddenly be at Paris. " Send for him," said the king ; " and when he shall come into England, bid him repair privately to me." The Lord Wotton, after a little wonder, asked the king, " If he knew him : " to which the king answered, " You must rest unsatisfied of that till you bring the gentleman to me."

Not many months after this discourse, the Lord Wotton brought his brother to attend the king, who took him in his arms, and bade him welcome by the name of *Octavio Baldi*, saying, " he was the most honest, and therefore the best dissembler that ever he met with ;" and said, " Seeing I know you neither want learning, travel, nor experience, and that I have had so real a testimony of your faithfulness and abilities to manage an ambassage, I have sent for you to declare my purpose, which is to make use of you in that kind hereafter." And, indeed, the king did so most of those two and twenty years of his reign ; but before he dismissed Octavio Baldi from his present attendance upon him, he restored him to his old name of Henry Wotton, by which he then knighted him. Not long after this, the king having resolved to have a friendship with his neighbour-kingdoms of France and Spain ; and also, for divers weighty reasons, to enter into an alliance with the state of Venice, and to that end to send ambassadors to those several places, did propose the choice of these employments to Sir Henry Wotton ; who, considering the smallness of his own estate (which he never took care to augment), and

knowing the courts of great princes to be sumptuous, and necessarily expensive, inclined most to that of Venice, as being a place of more retirement, and best suiting with his genius, who did ever love to join with business study and a trial of natural experiments; for both which fruitful Italy, that darling of nature, and cherisher of all arts, is so justly famed in all parts of the Christian world.

Sir Henry having, after some short time and consideration, resolved upon Venice, and a large allowance being appointed by the king for his voyage thither, and a settled maintenance during his stay there, he left England, nobly accompanied through France to Venice, by gentlemen of the best families and breeding that this nation afforded; by Sir Albertus Morton, his nephew, who went his secretary; and William Bedel, a man of choice learning and sanctified wisdom, who went his chaplain. He was received by the state of Venice with much honour and gladness, both for that he delivered his ambassage most elegantly in the Italian language, and came also in such a juncture of time (about 1604) as his master's friendship seemed useful for that republic.

About the year 1603, the republic of Venice made several injunctions against lay persons giving lands or goods to the Church, without license from the civil magistrate; and in that inhibition they expressed their reasons to be, "For that when any goods or lands once came into the hands of the ecclesiastics, it was not subject to alienation; by reason whereof (the lay people being at their death charitable even to excess) the clergy grew every day more numerous, and pretended an exemption from all public service and taxes, and from all secular judgment, so that the burden grew thereby too heavy to be borne by the laity."

Another occasion of difference was, that about this time complaints were justly made by the Venetians against two clergymen, the abbot of Nervesa, and a canon of Vicenza. These two having been long complained of at Rome in the name of the state of Venice, and no satisfaction being given to the Venetians, they seized the persons of this abbot and canon, and committed them to prison. The justice or injustice of such or the like power, then used by the Venetians, had formerly had some calm debates betwixt the former pope, Clement the Eighth, and that republic: yet this prudent, patient Pope Clement dying, Pope Paul the Fifth, who succeeded him (though not immediately, yet in the same year), being a man of a much hotter temper, brought this difference with the Venetians to a much higher contention; objecting those late acts of that state to be a diminution of his just power, and limited a time of twenty-four days for their revocation; threatening, if he were not obeyed, to proceed to the excommunication of the republic, who still offered to show both reason and ancient custom to warrant their actions.

Thus it continued for about a year, the pope still threatening excommunication, and the Venetians still answering him with fair speeches, and no compliance; till at last the pope's zeal to the apostolic see did make him to excommunicate the duke, the whole senate and all their dominions, and, that done, to shut up all their churches; charging the whole clergy to forbear all sacred offices to the Venetians till their obedience should render them capable of absolution.

But this act of the pope's did but the more confirm the Venetians in their resolution not to obey him: and to that end, upon the hearing of the pope's interdict, they presently published, by sound of trumpet, a proclamation to this effect:—"That whosoever hath received from Rome any copy of a papal interdict, published there, as well against the law of God, as against the honour of this nation, shall presently render it to the Council of Ten, upon pain of death;" and made it loss of estate and nobility but to speak in the behalf of the Jesuits.

Then was Duado their ambassador called home from Rome, and the inquisition presently suspended by order of the state; and the flood-gates being thus set open, any man that had a pleasant or scoffing wit might safely vent it against the pope, either by free speaking, or by libels in print; and both became very common among the people.

Matters thus heightened, the state advised with father Paul, a holy and learned friar (the author of the history of the Council of Trent), whose advice was, "neither to provoke the pope, nor lose their own right:" he declaring publicly in print, in the name of the state, "that the pope was trusted to keep two keys—one of *prudence*, and the other of *power*; and that if they were not both used together, *power* alone is not effectual in an excommunication.

And thus these discontents and oppositions continued till a report was blown abroad that the Venetians were all turned Protestants; which was believed by many, for that it was observed that the English ambassador was so often in conference with the senate, and his chaplain, Mr. Bedel, more often with father Paul, whom the people did not take to be his friend: and also for that the republic of Venice was known to give commission to Gregory Justiniano, then their ambassador in England, to make all these proceedings known to the king of England, and to crave a promise of his assistance, if need should require.

In this contention (which lasted almost two years) the pope grew still higher, and the Venetians more and more resolved and careless. At length the pope saw plainly he had weakened his power by exceeding it, and offered the Venetians absolution upon very easy terms; which the Venetians still slighting, did at last obtain by that which was scarce so much as a show of acknowledging it; for they made an order, that in that day in which

they were absolved, there should be no public rejoicing, nor any bonfires that night, lest the common people might judge that they desired an absolution, or were absolved from committing a fault.

These contests were the occasion of Padre Paulo's knowledge and interest with King James; for whose sake principally Padre Paulo compiled that eminent history of the remarkable council of Trent; which history was, as fast as it was written, sent in several sheets in letters by Sir Henry Wotton, Mr. Bedel, and others, unto King James, and the then Archbishop of Canterbury, into England, and there first made public, both in English and Latin.

For eight years after Sir Henry Wotton's going into Italy, he stood fair and highly valued in the king's opinion; but at last became much clouded by an accident, which I shall proceed to relate.

At his first going ambassador into Italy, as he passed through Germany, he stayed some days at Augusta, where having been in his former travels well known by many of the best note for learning and ingeniousness, with whom he passing an evening in merriments, was requested by Christopher Flecamore to write some sentence in his album (a book of blank paper, which for that purpose many of the German gentry usually carry about them); and Sir Henry Wotton consenting to the motion, took an occasion, from some accidental discourse of the present company, to write a pleasant definition of an ambassador in these words:

“Legatus est vir bonus peregre missus ad mentiendum reipublicæ causâ.”

Which Sir Henry Wotton could have been content should have been thus Englished:

“An ambassador is an honest man sent to *lie* abroad for the good of his country;” but the word for *lie* (being the hinge upon which the conceit was to turn) was not so expressed in Latin as would admit (in the hands of an enemy especially) so fair a construction as Sir Henry thought in English. Yet as it was, it slept quietly among other sentences in this book almost eight years, till by accident it fell into the hands of Jasper Scioppius, a Romanist, a man of a restless spirit and a malicious pen; who, with books against King James, prints this as a principle of that religion professed by the king, and his ambassador, Sir Henry Wotton, then at Venice; and in Venice it was presently after written in several glass-windows, and spitefully declared to be Sir Henry Wotton's.

This coming to the knowledge of King James, he apprehended it to be such an oversight, such a weakness, or worse, in Sir Henry Wotton, as caused the king to express much wrath against him: and this caused Sir Henry Wotton to write two apologies, one to Velserus (one of the chiefs of Augusta) in Latin, which he caused to be printed, and given and scattered in the most remarkable places both of Germany and Italy, as an antidote against the

venomous books of Scioppius; and another apology to King James; which were both so ingenious, so clear, and so choicely eloquent, that his majesty (who was a pure judge of it) could not forbear, at the receipt thereof, to declare publicly, "that Sir Henry Wotton had commuted sufficiently for a greater offence."

And now, as broken bones well set become stronger, so Sir Henry Wotton did not only recover, but was much more confirmed in his majesty's estimation and favour than formerly he had been. Besides several other foreign employments, Sir Henry Wotton was sent thrice ambassador to the republic of Venice. And at his last going thither, he was employed ambassador to several of the German princes, and more particularly to the Emperor Ferdinando the Second; and his employment to him, and those princes, was to incline them to equitable conditions for the restoration of the Queen of Bohemia, and her descendants, to their patrimonial inheritance of the Palatine.

This was, by his eight months' constant endeavours and attendance upon the emperor, his court, and council, brought to a probability of a successful conclusion without bloodshed. But there were at that time two opposite armies in the field; and as they were treating, there was a battle fought, in the managery whereof there were so many miserable errors on the one side (so Sir Henry Wotton expresses it, in a despatch to the king), and so advantageous events to the emperor, as put an end to all present hopes of a successful treaty; so that Sir Henry, seeing the face of peace altered by that victory, prepared for a removal from that court; and at his departure from the emperor was so bold as to remember him, "that the events of every battle move on the unseen wheels of fortune, which are this moment up, and down the next; and therefore humbly advised him to use his victory so soberly as still to put on thoughts of peace." Which advice, though it seemed to be spoken with some passion (his dear mistress, the Queen of Bohemia, being concerned in it), was yet taken in good part by the emperor; who replied, "That he would consider his advice. And though he looked on the king his master as an abettor of his enemy, the Palsgrave; yet for Sir Henry himself, his behaviour had been such during the manage of the treaty, that he took him to be a person of much honour and merit; and did therefore desire him to accept of that jewel, as a testimony of his good opinion of him;" which was a jewel of diamonds of more value than a thousand pounds.

This jewel was received with all outward circumstances and terms of honour by Sir Henry Wotton. But the next morning, at his departing from Vienna, he, at his taking leave of the Countess of Sabrina (an Italian lady, in whose house the emperor had appointed him to be lodged, and honourably entertained), "acknowledged her merits, and besought her to accept of that jewel, as a testi-

mony of his gratitude for her civilities," presenting her with the same that was given him by the emperor : which being suddenly discovered, and told to the emperor, was by him taken for a high affront, and Sir Henry Wotton told so by a messenger. To which he replied, " That though he received it with thankfulness, yet he found in himself an indisposition to be the better for any gift that came from an enemy to his royal mistress the Queen of Bohemia;" for so she was pleased he should always call her.

To London he came the year before King James died; who having, for the reward of his foreign service, promised him the reversion of an office which was fit to be turned into present money, which he wanted for a supply of his present necessities; and also granted him the reversion of the Master of the Rolls' place, if he outlived charitable Sir Julius Cæsar, who then possessed it, and was then grown so old, that he was said to be kept alive beyond nature's course by the prayers of those many poor which he daily relieved.

It pleased the God of providence, that in this juncture of time the provostship of his majesty's College of Eton became void by the death of Mr. Thomas Murray, for which there were (as the place deserved) many earnest and powerful suitors to the king. And Sir Henry, who had for many years rolled the restless stone of state-employment, knowing experimentally that the great blessing of sweet content was not to be found in multitudes of men or business, and that a college was the fittest place to nourish holy thoughts, and to afford rest both to his body and mind, which his age (being now almost threescore years) seemed to require, did therefore use his own, and the interest of all his friends, to procure that place. By which means, and quitting the king of his promised reversionary offices, and a piece of honest policy (which I have not time to relate), he got a grant of it from his majesty.

And this was a fair satisfaction to him, the college being to his mind as a quiet harbour to a seafaring man after a tempestuous voyage; where, by the bounty of the pious founder, his very food and raiment were plentifully provided for him in kind, and more money than enough; where he was freed from all corroding cares, and seated on such a rock as the waves of want could not probably shake; where he might sit in a calm, and, looking down, behold the busy multitude turmoiled and tossed in a tempestuous sea of trouble and dangers; and (as Sir William Davenant has happily expressed the like of another person)

" Laugh at the graver business of the state,  
Which speaks men rather wise than fortunate."

Being thus settled according to the desires of his heart, his first study was the statutes of the college; by which he conceived himself bound to enter into holy orders, which he did,

being made deacon with all convenient speed. Shortly after which time, as he came in his surplice from the church-service, an old friend, a person of quality, met him so attired, and gave him joy of his new habit. To whom Sir Henry Wotton replied, "I thank God and the king, by whose goodness I am now in this condition : a condition which that Emperor Charles the Fifth seemed to approve ; who after so many remarkable victories, when his glory was great in the eyes of all men, freely gave up his crown, and the many cares that attended it, to Philip his son, making a holy retreat to a cloisteral life, where he might, by devout meditations, consult with God," which the rich or busy men seldom do ; "and have leisure both to examine the errors of his life past, and prepare for that great day wherein all flesh must make an account of their actions : and after a kind of tempestuous life, I now have the like advantage from Him, that makes the outgoings of the morning to praise him ; even from my God, whom I daily magnify for this particular mercy of an exemption from business, a quiet mind, and a liberal maintenance, even in this part of my life, when my age and infirmities seem to sound me a retreat from the pleasures of this world, and invite me to contemplation, in which I have ever taken the greatest felicity."

And now to speak a little of the employment of his time in the college. After his customary public devotions, his use was to retire into his study, and there to spend some hours in reading the Bible, and authors in divinity, closing up his meditations with private prayer. This was, for the most part, his employment in the forenoon. But when he was once sat to dinner, then nothing but cheerful thoughts possessed his mind, and those still increased by constant company at his table of such persons as brought thither additions both of learning and pleasure : but some part of most days were usually spent in philosophical conclusions. Nor did he forget his innate pleasure of angling, which he would usually call "his idle time not idly spent ;" saying often, he would rather live five May months than forty Decembers. He was a great lover of his neighbours, and a bountiful entertainer of them very often at his table, where his meat was choice, and his discourse better. He was a constant cherisher of all those youths in that school in whom he found either a constant diligence or a genius that prompted them to learning ; for whose encouragement he was (beside many other things of necessity and beauty) at the charge of setting up in it two rows of pillars, on which he caused to be choicely drawn the pictures of divers of the most famous Greek and Latin historians, poets, and orators ; persuading them not to neglect rhetoric, because Almighty God has left mankind affections to be wrought upon : and he would often say, "that none despised eloquence but such dull souls as were not capable of it." He would also often make choice of



some observations out of those historians and poets ; and would never leave the school without dropping some choice Greek or Latin apophthegm or sentence, that might be worthy of a room in the memory of a growing scholar. He was pleased constantly to breed up one or more hopeful youths, which he picked out of the school, and took into his own domestic care, and to attend him at his meals ; out of whose discourse and behaviour he gathered observations for the better completing of his intended work of education : of which, by his still striving to make the whole better, he lived to leave but part to posterity.

Sir Henry went usually once a year, if not oftener, to his beloved Bocton Hall, where he could say, " he found a cure for all cares, by the cheerful company," which he called " the living furniture of that place ;" and " a restoration of his strength, by the connaturalness of " that which he called " his genial air."

He yearly went also to Oxford. But the summer before his death he changed that for a journey to Winchester College, to which school he was first removed from Bocton. And as he returned from Winchester towards Eton College, said to a friend, his companion in that journey : " How useful was that advice of a holy monk, who persuaded his friend to perform his customary devotions in a constant place, because in that place we usually meet with those very thoughts which possessed us at our last being there ! And I find it thus far experimentally true, that at my now being in that school, and seeing that very place where I sat when I was a boy, occasioned me to remember those very thoughts of my youth which then possessed me : sweet thoughts, indeed, that promised my growing years numerous pleasures, without mixture of cares, and those to be enjoyed when time (which I therefore thought slow-paced) had changed my youth into manhood. But age and experience have taught me that those were but empty hopes ; for I have always found it true, as my Saviour did foretell, Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. Nevertheless, I saw there a succession of boys using the same recreations, and questionless possessed with the same thoughts that then possessed me. Thus one generation succeeds another, both in their lives, recreations, hopes, fears, and death."

After his return from Winchester to Eton, which was about five months before his death, he became much more retired and contemplative ; in which time he was often visited by the learned Mr. John Hales, then a fellow of that college, to whom upon an occasion he spake to this purpose : " I have, in my passage to my grave, met with most of those joys with which a discursive soul is capable, and been entertained with more inferior pleasures than the sons of men are usually made partakers of : nevertheless, in this voyage I have not always floated on the calm sea of content ; but have often met with cross winds and storms, and with many

troubles of mind and temptations to evil. And yet, though I have been and am a man compassed about with human frailties, Almighty God hath, by his grace, prevented me from making shipwreck of faith and a good conscience, the thought of which is now the joy of my heart, and I most humbly praise him for it; and I humbly acknowledge, that it was not myself, but he that hath kept me to this great age, and let him take the glory of his great mercy. And, my dear friend, I now see that I draw near my harbour of death; that harbour that will secure me from all the future storms and waves of this restless world; and I praise God I am willing to leave it, and expect a better; that world wherein dwelleth righteousness; and I long for it."

These and the like expressions were then uttered by him at the beginning of a feverish distemper, at which time he was also troubled with an asthma, or short spitting; but after less than twenty fits, by the help of familiar physic and a spare diet, this fever abated, yet so as to leave him much weaker than it found him; and his asthma seemed also to be overcome, in a good degree, by his forbearing tobacco, which, as many thoughtful men do, he also had taken somewhat immoderately. This was his then present condition; and thus he continued till about the end of October, 1639, which was about a month before his death, at which time he again fell into a fever, which though he seemed to recover, yet these still left him so weak, that they and those other common infirmities that accompany age were wont to visit him like civil friends, and after some short time to leave him, came now both oftener and with more violence, and at last took up their constant habitation with him, still weakening his body and abating his cheerfulness; of both which he grew more sensible, and did the oftener retire into his study, and there made many papers that had passed his pen, both in the days of his youth and in the busy part of his life, useless, by a fire made there to that purpose. These, and several unusual expressions to his servants and friends, seemed to foretell that the day of his death drew near; for which he seemed to those many friends that observed him, to be well prepared, and to be both patient and free from all fear, as several of his letters, writ on this his last sick-bed, may testify. And thus he continued till about the beginning of December following, at which time he was seized more violently with a quotidian fever, in the tenth fit of which fever his better part—that part of Sir Henry Wotton which could not die—put off mortality with as much content and cheerfulness as human frailty is capable of, being then in great tranquillity of mind, and in perfect peace with God and man.

And thus the circle of Sir Henry Wotton's life—that circle which began at Bocton, and in the circumference thereof did first touch at Winchester School, then at Oxford, and after upon so

many remarkable parts and passages in Christendom—that circle of his life was by death thus closed up and completed, in the seventy-second year of his age, at Eton College, where, according to his will, he now lies buried, with his motto, on a plain gravestone, over him: dying worthy of his name and family, worthy of the love and favour of so many princes, and persons of eminent wisdom and learning—worthy of the trust committed unto him for the service of his prince and country.

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AN

## Elegy on Sir Henry Wotton,


WRIT BY

MR. ABRAHAM COWLEY.

WHAT shall we say, since silent now is he,  
 Who when he spoke, all things would silent be;  
 Who had so many languages in store,  
 That only Fame shall speak of him in more?  
 Whom England now no more return'd must see;  
 He's gone to heaven, on his fourth embassy.  
 On earth he travell'd often, not to say,  
 He'd been abroad to pass loose time away:  
 For in whatever land he chanc'd to come,  
 He read the men and manners; bringing home  
 Their wisdom, learning, and their piety,  
 As if he went to conquer, not to see.  
 So well he understood the most and best  
 Of tongues that Babel sent into the West;  
 Spoke them so truly, that he had, you'd swear,  
 Not only liv'd, but been born every where.  
 Justly each nation's speech to him was known;  
 Who for the world was made, not us alone.  
 Nor ought the language of that man be less,  
 Who in his breast had all things to express;  
 We say that learning's endless, and blame Fate  
 For not allowing life a longer date.  
 He did the utmost bounds of knowledge find,  
 And found them not so large as was his mind;  
 But, like the brave Pellean youth, did moan,  
 Because that art had no more worlds than one.  
 And when he saw that he through all had past,  
 He died, lest he should idle grow at last.

A. COWLEY.

## SIR RICHARD AND LADY FANSHAWE.

HE Great Rebellion broke out in England in the year of our Lord, 1642; just about two hundred years ago. In this unnatural war, which lasted during six years, the cause of the king was supported by nearly all the nobility and gentry, followed by a large proportion of the farmers and country labourers; that of the Parliament by the people of London, and most of those who inhabited the large manufacturing or sea-port towns. It was in the early part of these unhappy disturbances that Sir John Harrison, a gentleman of Hertfordshire, was made prisoner in his own house in London, by some of the rebel-party, who plundered the house, and threatened to send him on board a ship; no uncommon punishment at that time. Sir John contrived, however, to make his escape; and getting safe to Oxford, where the king (Charles I.) then held his court, sent for his two daughters, whom he had left at their home in Hertfordshire. Of these two young ladies, Ann and Margaret Harrison, the elder, not long after their arrival at Oxford, was married to Mr. Fanshawe, a very worthy gentleman, and most faithful servant of the king's. And now I will give you, in her own words, Mrs. (or, as she afterwards became, Lady) Fanshawe's account of this period of her life; a life singularly marked by trials and privations, but through which she was enabled, by God's grace, to set an example of fortitude and submission worthy of her Christian calling:—

“ My father commanded my sister and myself to come to him at Oxford, where the court then was. We, that had till that hour lived in great plenty, and great order, found ourselves like fishes out of the water, and the scene so changed, that we knew not at all how to act any part but obedience; for, from as good a house as any gentleman of England had, we came to a baker's house, in an obscure street; and from rooms well furnished, to sleep in a very bad bed, in a garret. No money, nor clothes, more than a man or two could bring in their cloak-bags. We had the perpetual discourse of losing and gaining towns and men; at the windows the sad spectacle of war; sometimes the plague, sometimes sicknesses of other kinds, by reason of so many people being packed together, as I believe there never was before, of that quality;

always in want, yet, I must needs say, that most bore it with a martyr-like cheerfulness."

Mr. Fanshawe being appointed to the service of the Prince of Wales, was obliged, in the beginning of March 1645, to attend the prince to Bristol, leaving his wife at Oxford, in a very weak state of health, and with a dying infant. This, their first child, died two days after the departure of Mr. Fanshawe; and it was not till the month of May that his wife was sufficiently recovered to leave her chamber and go to church. That very day, a gentleman, lately come from Bristol, delivered her a letter and some money from her husband; and greatly were her drooping spirits revived when, on perusing the former, she learnt that, on the following Thursday, men and horses would be sent from Mr. Fanshawe to convey herself, her father, and sister, to Bristol.

This journey seems to have been accomplished without difficulty; and Mrs. Fanshawe reached her husband in safety on the 20th of May. In the summer of the same year, the prince and his court removed from Bristol, on account of the plague; and after passing some months at different towns in the west of England, they embarked from the Land's End, for the isles of Scilly. The passage to these islands, which are little better than a cluster of rocks, is often attended with danger; but in addition to the usual perils of the sea, Mr. Fanshawe and his lady were exposed to insult and loss, if not to actual danger, from a mutiny amongst the sailors, who plundered them of their money, and other valuable property.

Mrs. Fanshawe had suffered greatly during this uncomfortable voyage; and as soon as they could take possession of some small lodgings near the castle, which was occupied by the prince, she went to bed. A wretched bed it was: "and we had but three," she observes, "in the whole house; which consisted of four rooms, or rather partitions, two low rooms, and two little lofts, with a ladder to go up to them; in one of these they kept dried fish, and in this my husband's two clerks lay; one room there was for my sister, one for myself, and one amongst the servants. When I awoke in the morning, I was so cold, I knew not what to do; but the daylight discovered that my bed was swimming with the sea-water, which, the owner told us afterwards, it never did but at spring-tide. With this, we were destitute of clothes, meat, and fuel: enough to serve half the court for a month was not to be found in the whole island; and truly we begged our daily bread of God, for we thought every meal our last. The council sent for provisions from France, which served us; but they were bad, and little of them. Then, after three weeks and odd days, we set sail for the isle of Jersey, where we safely arrived, beyond the belief of all beholders from that island; for the pilot, not knowing the way into the harbour, sailed over the rocks; but being spring-tide and

high water, God be praised, his highness, and all of us, came safe to shore."

The Prince of Wales soon after went to France; and Mr. Fanshawe's employment as his secretary ceasing for a time, he followed his wife to London, whither she had gone before to settle some affairs. They were obliged to live in great retirement, Mr. Fanshawe fearing to be imprisoned before he could complete his business in England, which was no other than to raise a sufficient sum of money to enable him to rejoin the prince his master, at that time in no condition to maintain his servants and followers.

The king was then a prisoner at Hampton Court, one of his own palaces; and there Mr. and Mrs. Fanshawe appear to have found the means of occasionally waiting upon him. One of these interviews, as described by Mrs. Fanshawe, is deeply interesting; the words of that dutiful and true-hearted relator will best do justice to the scene.

"During the king's stay at Hampton Court, my husband was with him, to whom he was pleased to talk much of his concerns . . . . giving him private instructions, and letters for his service; but God, for our sins, disposed his majesty's affairs otherwise. I went three times to pay my duty to him, both as I was the daughter of his servant, and the wife of his servant. The last time I ever saw him, when I took my leave, I could not refrain weeping; when he had saluted me, I prayed to God to preserve his majesty with long life and happy years. He stroked me on the cheek, and said, 'Child, if God pleaseth, it shall be so; but both you and I must submit to God's will; and you know what hands I am in.' Then turning to my husband, he said, 'Be sure, Dick, to tell my son all that I have said; and deliver those letters to my wife, pray God bless her! I hope I shall do well;' and taking him in his arms, added, 'Thou hast ever been an honest man, and I hope God will bless thee, and make thee a happy servant to my son, whom I have charged in my letter to continue his love and trust to you . . . I do promise you, that if ever I am restored to my dignity, I will bountifully reward you both for your service and sufferings.' Thus," continues Mrs. Fanshawe, "did we part from that glorious sun, that within a few months after was murdered, to the grief of all Christians that were not forsaken of God."

The latter end of the same year Mr. Fanshawe went to Paris on his master's business, where his wife soon after joined him; but in a few months he found it necessary to send her once more to London, in order to procure money for their subsistence. At that time they had three children, of whom the eldest, a girl, was to accompany her mother to England. With a heavy heart Mrs. Fanshawe took leave of her husband, to embark with her sister Margaret, another lady, and the little girl Nan, as she was fami-

liarly called; and, but for the mercy of a protecting Providence, the separation had been, in this life, final. A violent storm nearly wrecked their ship on the coast of Kent, and with great difficulty the crew was saved; the sailors carrying the ladies on their shoulders through the surf—"glad," as Mrs. Fanshawe observed, "to escape so."

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The king having been unlawfully condemned to death by a small number of his rebellious subjects, supported by the soldiers, was beheaded on the 30th of January, 1649. His eldest son succeeded to the title as Charles II.; but he was a fugitive in foreign countries, residing chiefly in Holland, whilst England was governed by Oliver Cromwell, who, with the army under his control, ruled more absolutely than any king had ever done in this country.

Early in the same year, Mr. Fanshawe, being with the young king in Flanders, received his commands to take charge of some business of importance in Ireland; and finding, on his arrival there, a prospect, as he believed, of their being able to reside in that country with some degree of peace and comfort, he sent for his wife, who lost no time in joining him with their eldest child. The domestic comfort that Mr. and Mrs. Fanshawe had promised themselves, was, however, of no long duration; for, first, they had the grief of learning the death of a little son, left with some relations in England; and in the course of a few weeks after, tidings came, that Cromwell, with his army, had landed in Ireland. The house they occupied, called Red Abbey, was situated near the town of Cork, and that place very soon declared in favour of the usurper. When Mrs. Fanshawe heard this alarming news, she was in bed with a broken wrist, which having been ill set, occasioned her much suffering; her husband, too, was absent, having gone to Kinsale on business. But here she shall again speak for herself:—

"It was in the beginning of November, 1649. At midnight I heard the great guns go off, and thereupon I called up my family to rise, which I did (myself) as well as I could in that condition. Hearing lamentable shrieks of men, women, and children, I asked at a window the cause; they told me they were all Irish, stripped and wounded, and turned out of the town; and that Colonel Jeffries, with some others, had possessed themselves of the town for Cromwell. Upon this, I immediately wrote a letter to my husband, blessing God's providence that he was not with me, persuading him to patience, and hope that I should get safely out of the town by God's assistance; and desired him to shift for himself, for fear of a surprise, with promise that I would secure his papers. So soon as I had finished my letter, I sent it by a faithful servant, who was let down the garden-wall of Red Abbey; and, sheltered

by the darkness of the night, he made his escape. I immediately packed up my husband's cabinet, with all his writings, and near 1000*l.* in gold and silver, with all other things that were portable of value; and then, about three o'clock in the morning, by the light of a taper, and in that pain I was in, I went into the market-place, with only a man and a maid; and passing through an unruly tumult with swords in their hands, searched for their chief commander, Jeffries, who, when he was loyal, had received many civilities from my husband. I told him it was necessary, upon that change, I should remove, and I desired his pass, which would be obeyed, or else I must remain there: I hoped he would not deny me that kindness. He immediately wrote me a pass, both for myself, family, and goods; and said, he would never forget the respect he owed Mr. Fanshawe. With this I came through thousands of naked swords to Red Abbey, and hired the next neighbour's cart, which carried all that I could remove: myself, sister, and little girl Nan, with three maids and two men, set forth at five o'clock in November, having but two horses amongst us all, which we rode by turns. We went ten miles to Kinsale, in perpetual fear of being fetched back again; but, by little and little, I thank God, we got safe to the garrison, where I found my husband the most disconsolate man in the world, for fear of his family, whom he had no possibility to assist; but his joy exceeded to see me and his darling daughter, and to hear the wonderful escape we, through the assistance of God, had made.

"When the rebels went to give an account to Cromwell of their meritorious act (the capture of the town), he immediately asked them, 'Where Mr. Fanshawe was?' They replied, 'He was that day gone to Kinsale.' Then he demanded, 'Where his papers and his family were?' At which they all stared one at another, but made no reply. Their general said, 'It was as much worth to have seized his papers as the town.'"

A few days after this event, Mr. Fanshawe received orders from the king to set off immediately for Spain, to deliver letters from him to the king of that country, Philip IV., as well as to the ambassadors whom he had at his court. It was decided that Mrs. Fanshawe should accompany her husband in this expedition; but a circumstance, which it is not material to relate, detained them in Ireland till they could receive fresh instructions from the king. When this business was settled, Mr. Fanshawe and his family set off for Galway, a sea-port town on the western coast of Ireland. This was not altogether a matter of choice, for the plague had raged at that place during the preceding summer; but hearing that, by accident, a Dutch vessel was about to sail thence for Malaga in Spain, and Cromwell pursuing his conquests "bloodily and victoriously," in their rear, they resolved to run the risk, and, as Mrs. Fanshawe expresses it, "fall into the hands



of God, rather than into the hands of man." It was at the latter end of January that they reached Galway; where, when they had, with some difficulty, found the house in which they were to lodge, the master, who was standing at the door expecting their arrival, welcomed them to a depopulated city, whose streets were, as he said, overgrown with grass: and when, early in the following month, they left his house to go on board the ship, he, upon taking leave of them, added, "I thank God you are all gone safe aboard from my house, notwithstanding I have buried nine persons out of it within six months." "Which saying," observes Mrs. Fanshawe, "startled us; but, God's name be praised, we were all well, and so continued." Mercifully preserved from the sword and the plague, and afterwards, by sea, from the danger of being attacked by a Turkish ship of war, they landed safely at Malaga; "living in hope that we should one day return happily to our native country; notwithstanding we thought it great odds, considering how the affairs of the king's three kingdoms stood: but we trusted in the providence of Almighty God, and proceeded."

At Madrid they remained about half a year; but his endeavours to obtain assistance for the king his master from the court of Spain proving unsuccessful, Mr. Fanshawe embarked with his family for France; on which coast, after a passage rendered dangerous by a violent storm and a drunken crew, they were at last safely landed. It was at the beginning of the third night of their tempestuous voyage, that Mrs. Fanshawe records the mercy of God in causing the storm to cease; but their feeling of safety in the succeeding calm was but comparative; the compass being lost, and the sailors declaring that they knew not where they were. "And truly," observes the lady, "we believed them; for, with fear and drink, I think they were bereaved of their senses. So soon as it was day, about six o'clock, the master cried out, 'The land! the land!' but we did not receive the news with the joy belonging to it, but sighing said, 'God's will be done!' Thus the tide drove us, till about five o'clock in the afternoon; when drawing near the side of a small rock, which had a creek by it, we ran aground; but the sea was so calm, that we all got out, without the loss of any man or goods. Thus, God be praised, we escaped this great danger, and found ourselves about two leagues from Nantes. We hired six asses, upon which we rode, as many as could, by turns, and the rest carried our goods. This journey took us up all the next day."

From Nantes to Orleans the party proceeded by water, being towed up the river Loire, and then pursued their journey to Paris; where, after paying their respects to their former queen, the unfortunate widow of Charles the First, Mr. and Mrs. Fanshawe continued their journey to Calais. Here it was needful they should part; and Mrs. Fanshawe proceeded alone to England, in

order to procure for her husband the means of joining the king, who was then in Scotland.

The people of Scotland, though a good deal divided amongst themselves, had agreed in acknowledging, after a fashion, Charles the Second as their lawful sovereign; but it was not in their power to secure to him the crown even of their own country. Everywhere pursued by the victorious Cromwell, the king ventured to change the scene of action, and to lead a Scottish army into England. A battle was fought near Worcester, which proved wholly disastrous to the royalists. Three thousand men were slain, ten thousand taken prisoners, of whom such as survived their wounds, or the hardships of a jail, were shipped off for slaves to the West Indies.

The king escaped unwounded from the field of battle; but a great reward being offered for his apprehension, it was no easy matter for him to leave the kingdom. He travelled through the midland counties in various disguises; at one time concealed in some loyal family amongst the gentry, at another owing his safety to the fidelity of friends in humble life, and often very narrowly escaping detection. Yet he finally eluded the vigilance of his enemies, reached the coast of Sussex, and getting on board a small trading-vessel, crossed to France.

Mr. Fanshawe, previous to his following the king to Scotland, had written to his wife, with the intention of preparing her for the worst, entreating that she would put her trust in God, and arm herself with patience during his absence; especially as it would not be possible for him to send her many letters. She was at that time living in London privately, but in good lodgings, and not exposed to any particular distress, excepting that which was occasioned by anxiety for her husband's safety. Mrs. Fanshawe's feelings, however, at this period will be best described in her own words:—"With a heavy heart I stayed in this lodging almost seven months, and in that time I did not go abroad seven times; but spent my days in prayer to God for the deliverance of the king, and my husband, whose danger was ever before my eyes . . . The 2d of Sept. following was fought the battle of Worcester, when the king being missed, and nothing heard of my husband being dead or alive for three days, it is inexpressible what affliction I was in. I neither eat nor slept, but trembled at every motion I heard, expecting the fatal news, which at last came in their news-book,\* and mentioned him as prisoner. Then with some hopes, I went to London" [Mrs. Fanshawe was at this time with her father in Hertfordshire], "intending to leave my little girl Nan, the companion of my troubles, there, and so find out my husband wheresoever he was carried; but upon my

\* The enemy's news-book, or gazette,

coming to London, I met a messenger from him with a letter, which advised me of his condition, told me he was very civilly used, and said little more, but that I should be in some room at Charing Cross, where he had promise from his keeper that he should rest in my company at dinner-time.

"I expected him with great impatience; and on the day appointed provided a dinner and room, as ordered, in which I was with my father and some more of our friends; when, about eleven o'clock, we saw hundreds of poor soldiers (both English and Scotch) march bare of foot, and many with my husband, who was very cheerful in appearance. . . . After he had saluted me and his friends, he said: 'Pray let us not lose time; for I know not how little I have to spare: this is the chance of war; nothing venture, nothing have: so let us sit down and be merry whilst we may:' then taking my hand in his, and kissing me, he added, 'Cease weeping—no other thing upon earth can move me; remember we are all at God's disposal.'

"Thus we passed the time, until order came to carry him to Whitehall, where, in a little room, he was kept prisoner, without speech of any (so far as they knew), ten weeks, and in expectation of death. . . . During the time of his imprisonment, I failed not constantly to go, when the clock struck four in the morning, with a dark lantern in my hand, all alone and on foot, from my lodgings to Whitehall. Then I would go under his window, and softly call him; he, after the first time excepted, never failed to put out his head at the first call. Thus we talked together; and sometimes I was so wet with the rain, that it went in at my neck and out at my heels."

During this close confinement, Mr. Fanshawe became seriously ill; and his wife made frequent applications to Cromwell that he might, upon account of his health, be restored to a certain degree of liberty. Cromwell, who had a respect for Mr. Fanshawe's character, put her in a way of obtaining this favour from the council; and when Sir Henry Vane, amongst others, spoke against it, insisted that at the least Mr. Fanshawe, before being released, should be made to take what was then called the engagement, Cromwell amusingly observed, that "he never knew before, the engagement was a remedy for the scorbutic." Judging from these words that the general's wish was to favour the prisoner, the council ordered him his liberty upon bail; and we find that, about three years afterwards, Mr. and Mrs. Fanshawe and their three children, all they had then living, were residing at Tankersly Park in Yorkshire, a place belonging to their friend Lord Strafford. Here another daughter was born to them; but they had the great affliction, a few months after, of losing their eldest; the child who had been so constantly the companion of her mother during the many difficulties and dangers of her wandering life. Mrs. Fan-

shawe thus records this sad event :—"The house of Tankersly and park are both very pleasant and good, and we lived there with great content ; but God had ordered it should not last ; for upon the 20th of July, 1654, at three o'clock in the afternoon, died our most dearly beloved daughter Ann, whose beauty and wit exceeded all that ever I saw at her age. She was between nine and ten years old, very tall, and the dear companion of my travels and sorrows. She lay sick but five days of the small-pox, in which time she expressed so many wise and devout sayings as is a miracle at her years. We both wished to have gone into the same grave with her. She was buried in Tankersly Church ; and her death made us both desirous to quit this fatal place."

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In the year 1658 Oliver Cromwell died ; having governed the country during the last five years under the title of Protector. His death threatened to throw every thing again into confusion ; but the nation had had enough of war, and the greater part secretly desired the restoration of the royal family. In less than two years from the death of Cromwell, this happy event came to pass ; the king being invited by both houses of parliament to return, and take possession of his kingdom. Mr. and Mrs. Fanshawe had been for some time abroad, latterly in attendance on the king ; and they formed part of the retinue which accompanied his majesty from Holland. The following is Mrs. Fanshawe's account of this happy change in their affairs :—"Upon the king's restoration, the Duke of York, then made admiral, appointed ships to carry over the company and servants of the king . . . . His highness appointed for my husband and his family a third-rate frigate, called the *Speedwell* ; but his majesty commanded my husband to wait on him in his own ship . . . . We went on board upon the 23d of May, about two o'clock in the afternoon—the king embarked at four of the clock, upon which we set sail ; the shore being covered with people, and shouts from all places of a good voyage, which were seconded by many volleys of shot interchanged . . . . But who can sufficiently express the joy and gallantry of that voyage ? To see so many great ships, the best in the world ; to hear the trumpets and all other music ; the neatness and cleanness of the ships ; the strength and jollity of the mariners ; the gallantry of the commanders ! . . . . The sea was calm, the moon shone at full, and the sun when it arose suffered not a cloud to hinder the prospect . . . . by whose light and the merciful bounty of God, the king was set safely on shore at Dover, in Kent, upon the 25th of May, 1660. So great were the acclamations and numbers of people, that it reached like one street from Dover to Whitehall. My niece Fanshawe then lodged in the

Strand, where I stood to see the king's entry with his brothers,—surely the most pompous show that ever was; for the hearts of all men in this kingdom moved at his will. The next day I went, with other ladies of the family, to congratulate his majesty's happy arrival; who received me with great grace, and promised future favours to my husband and myself."

This promise the king redeemed, first by making Mr. Fanshawe a baronet, and afterwards by appointing him to several high and honourable employments; and amongst the many who had devoted their lives and fortunes to the cause of royalty, none perhaps were more deserving of recompense than Mr. Fanshawe and his lady.

The last and greatest office filled by Sir Richard Fanshawe was that of ambassador to the court of Spain; and during their residence in that country was born the "dear and only son," to whom Lady Fanshawe addressed the memoir from which the foregoing particulars have been collected. She thus devoutly notices the birth of this much-desired son.

"August the 6th, at eleven o'clock in the morning, was born my son, Richard Fanshawe: God be praised!" Then follows this fervent thanksgiving and very beautiful prayer:—

"O ever-living God, through Jesus Christ receive the humble thanks of Thy servant for Thy great mercy to us in our son, whom I humbly desire Thee, O Jesus, to protect, and to make him an instrument of Thy glory. Give him Thy Holy Spirit, O God, to be with him all the days of his life; direct him through the narrow paths of righteousness, in faith, patience, charity, temperance, chastity, and a love and liking of Thy blessed will, in all the various accidents of this life. This, with what outward blessings Thou, O heavenly Father, knowest to be needful for him, I beg of Thee, not remembering his sins, nor the sins of us his parents, nor of our forefathers, but Thy tender mercy, which Thou hast promised shall be over all Thy works, and for the blessed merits of our only Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; to whom, with Thee, and the blessed Spirit, be all honour and glory, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be. Amen."

After a residence at Madrid of rather more than two years, it was the will of God that this excellent woman should return to England a widow, with five children, the sad survivors of a family of fourteen. Sir Richard Fanshawe died at Madrid the 26th of June, 1666: his wife survived him some years; and it was during his period of her life, that "she thought it good to discourse" (meaning, to relate) "to her most dear and only son the most remarkable actions and accidents of his family, as well as those more eminent ones of his father," whose character she desires to show "with all truth, and without partiality."

"He was very obliging to all, and forward to serve his master,

his country, and friend; cheerful in his conversation; yet so reserved, that he never showed the thought of his heart, in its greatest sense, but to myself only. I never heard him hold disputation in my life; but often he would speak against it, saying, it was an uncharitable custom, which never turned to the advantage of either party. He loved and used cheerfulness in all his actions; yet professed his religion in his life and conversation. I never heard him speak a word in my life that tended to God's dishonour, or encouragement of any kind of sin. He was a true member of the Church of England; so born, so brought up, and so died.

“He was the tenderest father imaginable; the carefullest and most generous master I ever saw. He loved hospitality; . . . yet kept order with the greatest decency possible: and though he would say, I managed his domestics wholly; yet I ever governed them and myself by his commands. Glory be to God, we never had but one mind throughout our lives.

“Whatever was real happiness God gave it me in him; . . . but to commend my better half, methinks, is to commend myself, and so may bear a censure; . . . but this without offence I do, pray that you may imitate him in his patience, his prudence, his charity, his generosity, his perfect resignation to God's will; praise God *for* him as long as you live here, and *with* him hereafter in the kingdom of heaven.”

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## THE EARL OF DERBY AND HIS FAMILY.

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**A**T the time when the Great Rebellion broke out against King Charles, James Earl of Derby and his wife Charlotte were living in peace and happiness at their castle of Latham in Lancashire, a mansion so noble and spacious, that it could receive two kings and their trains. There they showed such princely hospitality to their friends and neighbours, and gave such charities among the poor, that whenever they went abroad, the loving and loyal people of the country were accustomed to cry, "God save the Earl of Derby and the King!"

But when the royal standard was raised in 1642, and all who were true to their king began to act in his defence, the Earl of Derby was among the foremost; he fortified Latham House, that he might be able to defend it against the rebels, and raised three thousand men for the king's service, with whom he hoped to guard that part of Lancashire; but he received the king's orders to go to the defence of the Isle of Man, a small island on the western coast of England, which belonged to Lord Derby; and these orders he obeyed.

He took leave of his wife and children, whom he left in his house at Latham; and at parting he charged his wife not to deliver it up to the rebels, if they should venture to attack her there; "For," said he, "it is the strongest hold in Lancashire, and capable, by its situation, of standing a long siege; and if the rebels should obtain possession of it, they would be able to drive the loyal party entirely out of the county."

The Countess of Derby assured her lord, that if she were threatened by General Fairfax, the leader of the rebels, or by any of his officers, "she would act as became his wife, and hold out the mansion for King Charles against all challengers;" and she nobly fulfilled her promise: for no sooner did Fairfax hear of the departure of her lord, than he sent a summons to the Countess of Derby, requiring her either to acknowledge that she joined the rebel party, or subscribe to certain conditions and give up Latham House to him.

On which Lady Derby replied, "that she would neither surrender her lord's house, nor purchase security with the loss of

her honour." This answer, of course, offended the rebel leader; and he sent a large body of troops, under the command of Colonel Rigby, a fierce *Roundhead* (by which name the rebels were called), to besiege the loyal countess in her house.

On the 27th of February, 1644, the enemy encamped about a mile from Latham House; and Fairfax, supposing that the lady and her children would be so terrified at the sight of their cannon and troops that she would now be glad to submit to any terms he might propose, sent a letter to her, repeating his insolent demand.

Lady Derby meantime was preparing for her defence; and so far from consenting to do as Sir Thomas Fairfax proposed to her, she refused to meet him, as he invited her to do at a house of Lord Derby's, about a quarter of a mile from Latham; for she said it would become him better to wait on her, than she on him. Then Fairfax sent Rigby and another officer to offer her some very hard conditions, which she rejected; and soon after the enemy began to fire upon the house.

Lady Derby had, however, arranged her plans most skilfully for its defence. It is true she had only three hundred men to guard it, but they were all trusty and true-hearted, and under the command of brave and trusty officers; and the house, from its situation, was well fitted to stand a siege. It was surrounded by a strong wall, two yards thick; upon the walls were nine towers, and in every tower six cannon. Upon the tops of these towers were placed the best and choicest marksmen, as the Earl of Derby's huntsmen, fowlers, and gamekeepers, who continually kept watch with loaded fowling-pieces and guns, to shoot at the besiegers whenever any of them raised their heads above the trenches, which they had dug for their protection.

Without the wall was a moat, that is, a ditch filled with water, eight yards wide and two yards deep; and between the wall and the moat was a strong row of palisades. A high tower, called the Eagle Tower, stood in the midst, surmounting all the rest; and there was a strong embattled gateway, forming the entrance to the first court.

But the outward strength and defences of Latham were as nothing compared with the noble courage of the stout hearts within, who, at the call of their high-minded lady, had vowed to defend Latham House while one stone remained upon another.

The enemy had three thousand men, and twenty-nine short cannon, besides other pieces of artillery, with which, for many days together, they kept up a perpetual battery upon Latham House; especially on the 12th of April, when a cannon-ball entered Lady Derby's chamber, but did no damage, and did not draw a single outcry of fear from the countess or her children.

On another occasion a grenade was thrown into the apartment where this high-spirited lady was sitting, with her four younger



children, at dinner. A grenade is a hollow ball of iron, filled with gunpowder and other things that are ready to explode, and then lighted with a match, which causes it to burst, and scatter death in all directions. This would probably have happened with the one which was thrown into Lady Derby's room, had it not been for the presence of mind of the faithful butler, who was waiting at table at the time, and before the grenade could explode, boldly took it up, and flung it from the window into the moat. On which Lady Derby calmly observed, that since they were likely to have troublesome visitors, she must seek a new lodging; and accordingly removed, with her children, to the Eagle Tower, where they sustained many a fierce attack from the artillery of the foe. However, the countess ordered a sally to be made from the house upon the besiegers. Her troops charged the enemy in their trenches, and, after half an hour's sharp fighting, destroyed all their works, and spiked and overturned all their cannon. Those they found upon carriages they tumbled into the moat, and triumphantly dragged the *mortar* (or large cannon) from which the grenade had been thrown, within the gates of Latham House.

Many other valiant deeds were performed by this loyal lady and her brave garrison, who for four months defended Latham House against upwards of three thousand besiegers. At length, however, they began to feel the approaches of famine, for their provisions were spent, and they had killed almost all their horses for food. The men, though they would not talk of giving up the house, could not help feeling out of spirits at the melancholy prospect of being forced to it by starvation; but Lady Derby's resolution remained unconquered. She had trusted from the first to the care of a higher Power than that by which she was assaulted, and she had been earnest and unwearied in asking the protection of her Heavenly Father. Every morning she and her family, with the garrison (the men who guarded the house,) met in the chapel to ask God's blessing; and every evening they met there again to return their humble and hearty thanks for their preservation through the perils of the day past; for which, indeed, they had especial cause of grateful acknowledgment, since there were but six of their number slain during the siege, while the enemy lost above five hundred men.

When the tidings of the peril and distress to which his wife and children were exposed were brought to the Earl of Derby in the Isle of Man, he lost no time in setting sail for England; and hastening to King Charles at Oxford, and throwing himself at his feet, he implored him to send a force strong enough to drive away the besiegers; on which King Charles immediately sent his nephew Prince Rupert to the assistance of Lady Derby. Colonel Rigby did not wait till Prince Rupert came; but on the 27th of

May, 1644, he left the siege of Latham, and retired to the town of Bolton with his men. There he was in his turn attacked by Prince Rupert and the Earl of Derby on the following day; and after only a quarter of an hour's fierce fighting, the brave earl at the head of two hundred of his tenants and servants, who had followed their lord to the field, forced the gates, and the earl was the first man who entered the town. Rigby contrived to make his escape, but two thousand of his men were killed; and Prince Rupert sent the standards of the rebels, which were taken at Bolton, to Lady Derby, as a token of respect, and acknowledgment that the victory was gained by the courage of her husband. Lady Derby hung them up in the hall and chapel at Latham House, in testimony of her husband's loyalty; and thus triumphantly ended the first siege of Latham House.

It was again besieged after the earl and countess had left it and were gone to the Isle of Man, and was then bravely defended by one of the officers whom the countess had employed: for more than two years it held out against the rebels, and was one of the last strong places given up to them, which was not done till the king sent an order that it should be done.

Long after all hopes were at an end of the king's success, the Earl of Derby continued to hold out the Isle of Man for him. This the rebels revenged by seizing his estates, which brought his family to such distress, that it was thought well for six of his children to obtain a safe conduct from Sir Thomas Fairfax, by means of which they might come to England, and ask for an allowance out of the sums belonging to their father for their education and support.

In spite of this pass from his own general, Colonel Birch, one of the rebel leaders, who had a particular ill-will against the Earl and Countess of Derby, seized the children and their attendants, and carried them prisoners to Liverpool, of which he was governor. It seems to have been his intention to have starved the innocent children to death, for he did not even provide them with the hard fare allowed to felons in prison. Water, indeed, they had, but not a morsel of bread was given them, except what was bestowed by their friends in the town, who were themselves in want of money. Had it not been for the compassion of some persons to whom their sore distress was made known, they must have perished for want of food. When the Earl of Derby heard of the wrongs and ill-treatment of his children, and complained to General Fairfax, he received in answer an offer that, if he would give up the Isle of Man, his children should be set at liberty, and he should peaceably return to England, and enjoy half his estates.

To this the earl replied, "that he was greatly afflicted at the sufferings of his children; that it was not in the nature of great and noble minds to punish innocent children for the offences of

their parents; that it would be a clemency in Sir Thomas Fairfax either to send them back to him, or to their mother's friends in France or Holland; but if he would do neither, his children must submit to the mercy of Almighty God, but should never be released by his disloyalty."

When Charles II. made an attempt, in the year 1651, to recover the throne of his murdered father, the Earl of Derby was one of the first to join his standard; and trusting the government of the Isle of Man, as he had formerly trusted the defence of Latham House, to his countess, he hastened to the young king, with three hundred brave gentlemen, whom he had brought with him from his island.

While the earl was actively employed in raising troops in Lancashire for the royal cause, he was attacked by three thousand men: half his soldiers were killed, and he hardly escaped with life. He received seven shots upon his breastplate, and thirteen cuts upon his beaver that he wore over a steel cap, which was afterwards found in the lane. He also received five or six wounds on his arms and shoulders, but none very dangerous, having withstood the overwhelming force of his enemies for two hours, and slain seven hundred of their number. The earl having got his wounds dressed, set forth that very night for the royal camp (which he reached in time to share in the perils of the fight,) attended by only two servants; and though his wounds were still bleeding, he fought bravely for King Charles II. at Worcester, but in vain.

After the loss of the battle of Worcester, Lord Derby nobly provided for his young sovereign's safety at the cost of his own, and himself became a prisoner. He gave up his sword on promise of being treated with honour as a prisoner of war; but he had three enemies who were resolved to bring him to the scaffold. These were, Bradshaw, who had pronounced sentence of death on King Charles I.; Rigby, who hated Lord Derby on account of his defeats at Latham and at Bolton; and Colonel Birch, who had already shown his malice by his cruel treatment of the earl's children. These men, who were all his neighbours, and had formerly been his friends, now spoke of him as a dangerous person, and succeeded in having him brought to trial before his known enemies; and, by these unjust men, condemned to death. He was sentenced to be beheaded at Bolton within four days, in order that there might be no time for his friends to interfere in his favour. His son, Lord Strange, however, having provided relays of horses beforehand on the road, started off to London at such fiery speed that he performed the journey in a day and a night. But when he arrived, his petition was not read, nor his requests attended to. Lord Strange, finding his efforts in vain, returned with the greatest speed he could to Chester, which he reached

before the hour fixed for his father's execution, and, with a flood of tears, he told him how ill he had succeeded.

"Son," replied the earl, tenderly embracing him, "I thank you for your duty and affectionate endeavours to preserve my life; but since it cannot be obtained, I must resign myself to die." Then kneeling down, and raising his eyes to Heaven, he exclaimed, "Lord, not my will, but Thy will be done."

He then wrote his letters of leave-taking to his wife and three younger children, who were with her in the Isle of Man.

*"To the Countess of Derby.*

"Chester, October 13, 1651.

"MY DEAR HEART,—I have heretofore sent you comfortable lines; but, alas, I have now no word of comfort, saving one last and best refuge, which is Almighty God, to whose will we must submit; and when we consider how He has disposed of these nations, and the government thereof, we have no more to do but to lay our hands upon our mouths, judging ourselves, and acknowledging our sins, joined with others, to have been the cause of these miseries, and to call on Him, with tears, for mercy. The governor of this place, Colonel Duckenfield, is general of the forces which are going now against the Isle of Man; and however you might do for the present, in time it would be a grievous and troublesome business to resist, especially those that at this hour command these nations. Wherefore, my advice, notwithstanding my great affection to the place, is, that you would make conditions for yourself and children, and servants and people there, and such as came over with me, to the end you may go to some place of rest, where you may not be concerned in war; and taking thought of your poor children, you may in some sort provide for them. Then prepare yourself to come to your friends above, in that blessed place where bliss is, and no mingling of opinions.

"I conjure you, my dearest heart, by all those graces which God has given you, that you exercise your patience in this great and strange trial. If harm come to you, then I am dead indeed, and, until then, I shall live in you, who are truly the best part of myself. When there is no such as I in being, then look upon yourself and my poor children; then take comfort, and God will bless you.

"I acknowledge the great goodness of God to have given me such a wife as you: so great an honour to my family; so excellent a companion to me; so pious; so much of all that can be said of good, I must confess it impossible to say enough thereof. I ask God pardon, with all my soul, that I have not been enough thankful for so great a benefit; and when I have done anything

at any time that might justly offend you, with joined hands I also ask your pardon.

"I have no more to say to you, at this time, than my prayers for the Almighty's blessing to you, my dear Mall, and Ned, and Billy. Amen, sweet Jesus!"

*"To Lady Mary Stanley, Edward and William Stanley.*

*"Chester, October 13, 1651.*

"DEAR MALL, MY NED, AND BILLY,—I remember well how sad you were to part with me; but now, I fear, your sorrow will be greatly increased to be informed that you can never see me more in this world: but I charge you all to strive against too great a sorrow; you are all of you of that temper that it would do you much harm; and my desires and prayers to God are, that you may have a happy life; let it be as holy a life as you can, and as little sinful as you can avoid or prevent.

"I can well now give you that counsel, having in myself, at this time, so great a sense of the vanities of my life, which fill my soul with sorrow; yet, I rejoice to remember, that when I have blest God with pious devotion, it has been most delightful to my soul, and must be my eternal happiness.

"Love the archdeacon,—he will give you good precepts. Obey your mother with cheerfulness, and grieve her not, for she is your example, your nurse, your counsellor, your all under God; there never was, nor never can be, a more deserving person.

"I am called away, and this is the last time I shall write to you. The Lord my God bless you, and guard you from all evil! So prays your father at this time, whose sorrow is inexorable to part with Mall, Neddy, and Billy. Remember "DERBY."

Lord Derby's daughters, Catharine and Amelia Stanley, who had been sent as prisoners to Chester, by Colonel Birch, nearly eighteen months before, obtained leave to meet their father on his road to Bolton, the place appointed for his execution, to take a last sad farewell of him. The earl, who knew that they were coming, as soon as he saw them, alighted from his horse, and when the door of the carriage was opened, he knelt down, and earnestly recommended them both to the protection of their heavenly Father, in a short but fervent prayer. Then, rising up, he took a sorrowful and tender leave of them, and so parted.

On the 15th of October, as he passed through the streets of Bolton to the scaffold, the people wept passionately, and prayed God to bless him. This they continued to do after he was upon the scaffold; and when he had prepared himself for the block, he said, "Good people, I thank you for your prayers and your tears; I have heard the one, and seen the other;" and bowing, turned himself to the block, and desired it might be moved so as to face

the church, saying, "I will look towards Thy sanctuary while here, and I hope to live in Thy heavenly sanctuary for ever hereafter."

Then standing up, and looking the executioner full in the face, he said, "Remember what I said to you; when I hold up my hands, then do your work;" and looking around him, he bowed to all near him, and said, "The Lord be with you all! pray for me." Kneeling upon his knees, he next repeated the Lord's prayer, and invoked a blessing on his wife and children; and so, laying his neck upon the block, and stretching out his arms, he said,—*"Blessed be God's holy name for ever and ever, Amen. Let the whole earth be filled with His glory."* And then, lifting up his hands, the fatal stroke was given, amidst the sobs, tears, and lamentations of the sorrowful beholders.

After this, Colonel Birch obtained a commission to attack the Isle of Man, and Lady Derby was betrayed to him by a false friend, who gave her up, with her children and attendants, into her enemy's hands.

It was then that Lady Derby had reason to repeat the words she had used during the siege of Latham House, when she was summoned to render up herself and her brave defenders to the mercy of the rebels; on which occasion she had replied in the words of Scripture, *"The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel;"* for the only favour she asked of Colonel Birch and Colonel Duckenfield was, that they would not send her and her family to the town, where the small-pox was then raging, because her children had never had that complaint. But they sent her with her little ones to this very place, where two of them caught the infection and died a few days after their arrival.

The countess and her other children remained in prison till King Charles II. was restored to his kingdoms in 1660.

She then went with her remaining children to Knowsley Hall, a house belonging to her family, in the neighbourhood of Latham House, where she died in 1663.

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THE following is an account of some of the adventures of Charles II. after the battle of Worcester in 1651, and will fitly accompany the foregoing histories connected with the Great Rebellion.

The king and his army being defeated, he was obliged to fly from his enemies, who set a price upon his head, and hunted him, as hounds would hunt a hare, from town to town, and county to county. Yet he was kept from falling into their hands, although he several times met with parties of his enemies, and had many very narrow escapes. After the battle, his first thought was to take refuge in London; but he was persuaded to go instead to Boscobel House (on the borders of Staffordshire and Shropshire), where Lord Derby had been sheltered before the battle of Worcester. This house, which belonged to the family of Giffard, stood on the sheltered side of a wild sandy common, on the road from Lichfield to Shrewsbury. It was an old-fashioned forest-lodge, and had been much used, on account of its standing alone and being little known in the country, as a hiding-place for priests; one hiding-place having been made in the floor of the principal garret, and another built into the body of the chief chimney-stack, joining which above was a small closet close to a bed-room, and from below, by a low door, it led into the garden. Mr. Charles Giffard undertook to guide the king and his followers to this place, though not without danger, as they were obliged to pass through the town of Stourbridge, where some of the rebel soldiers were stationed. They managed, however, to pass through the town in the middle of the night without being discovered, and reached "White Ladies," another house belonging to the Giffard family, at daybreak. Here Mr. Charles Giffard recommended the king to the care of his servants, Richard and William Penderel, who were well known to be faithful and trusty men; and having taken off his royal dress, and put on a woodman's suit of clothes, the king took leave of his little band of faithful servants, who parted with him "with sad hearts, but hearty prayers;" and leaving White Ladies by a back-door, was guided by the Penderels into a wood called Spring Coppice, on the Boscobel grounds. Here I must leave him and Lord Wilmot, who stayed in the neighbourhood in the hope of being of some use to him, to give you some account of the family of the Penderels, of whom there had been six brothers. George and Thomas had served in the army of King Charles I., and Thomas was killed at the battle of Edgehill. At the time of the battle of Worcester, the other five brothers were living as tenants of Mr. Giffard: William Penderel and his wife lived in Boscobel House; Richard with his mother at Hobbal Grange; Humphrey at the mill of White Ladies; and John and George in cottages near, as woodmen. Richard took the

king into the thickest part of the coppice; but the rain fell so heavily, that there was not a tree in the wood thick enough to keep him dry, nor was there anything for him to sit on; therefore Richard went to the house of Francis Yates (a trusty neighbour, who married his wife's sister), and borrowed a blanket, which he folded and laid on the ground under a tree for his majesty to sit on. At the same time Richard spoke to the good wife Yates, and begged her to bring some victuals into the wood; and she soon made ready a mess of milk, and some butter and eggs, and brought them to the king in the wood, who being a little surprised to see her, said cheerfully to her, "Good woman, can you be faithful to a distressed cavalier?" (The royalists, or followers of the king, were called cavaliers.) She answered, "Yes, sir; I will rather die than discover you." With which answer he was well satisfied, and received from her hands what she had brought him.

That same night, as soon as it grew dark, John Penderel having taken Lord Wilmot to another place of shelter, the king resolved to go from those parts into Wales, taking Richard Penderel with him for his guide; but before they began their journey, his majesty went into Richard's house at Hobbal Grange, where the old good wife Penderel had the honour to see him attended by her son Richard. Here he had time and means better to complete his disguise. It was agreed that he should be called Will Jones, and that he should be armed with a wood-bill. After refreshing himself with food, the king, with his trusty servant Richard, began their journey on foot about nine o'clock in the evening, meaning to go that night to Madeley, in Shropshire, about five miles from White Ladies, and within a mile of the River Severn, over which they must cross in order to go into Wales. In this village lived a Mr. Francis Woolf, an honest gentleman, well known to Richard. But before they came to Madeley, they had a great alarm at Evelin Mill, about two miles from it. The miller, it seems, was an honest man, and had then in his house some officers of the king's army, who took shelter there in their flight from Worcester; but the king and Richard did not know this; and the miller being upon the watch, and hearing the gate clap, came out boldly, and asked "Who is there?" Richard, therefore, hastily led his majesty out of the usual way, to a little brook, through which they were obliged to wade; and the king, whose feet were galled, was here in some danger of losing his guide in the darkness, but for the rustling of Richard's calves-skin breeches.

They arrived at Madeley about midnight, and Mr. Woolf's daughter took them into the house, where they rested and refreshed themselves; and the king was concealed in a barn near it the next day, his servant Richard attending him. During his majesty's stay in this barn, Mr. Woolf found that the rebels were keeping guard over the river Severn, had made sure of all the



bridges, and seized all the passage-boats; therefore it was thought unsafe for the king to try to cross over into Wales. When night came, he went again into the house to refresh himself, and having stained his hands and face with walnut-leaves, he with his faithful guide Richard set out about eleven o'clock at night to return to Boscobel, which he reached about three o'clock the next morning.

Leaving his majesty in the wood, Richard went into the house to see if there were any soldiers there, and found Colonel William Careless, or Carlis, a great friend of the king's, who had escaped from Worcester. He went with Richard and William to the wood; and the king, who was very glad to see Colonel Careless, came back with them into the house, where he had some bread and cheese, and a posset of milk and beer made for him by William's wife; and Colonel Careless washed his majesty's feet, and dried his shoes and stockings, and then persuaded him to return to the wood, and hide himself in a thick-leaved oak, where he and the colonel remained all the next day; the king resting his head on his friend's lap. In the evening they went again into the house; and the king having been shown the secret place where the Earl of Derby had been hid, he resolved to stay there, and go no more to the oak. William Penderel now shaved him and cut his hair short. The king told him to burn the hair; but he kept part of it as a remembrance of his majesty. In the mean time Humphrey Penderel had met a colonel of the rebels, who had strictly examined him as to whether the king was at White Ladies, promising him one thousand pounds if he would deliver him into his hands, and threatening him with death without mercy if he concealed him. But neither fear of punishment, nor hope of reward, could tempt Humphrey to be unfaithful to his king. William's wife (whom the king called "my dame Joan") provided his majesty on this night (Saturday, September 6) with some chickens for supper, after which a little pallet was put into the secret place for him to rest in, while the brothers watched the house and roadway to prevent surprise. Early the next morning, there being no mutton in the house, and it being thought dangerous for William to go to market to buy any, as it was better food than he was used to get, Colonel Careless went to a sheep-fold at some little distance, belonging to a Mr. Staunton, and stuck one of the best sheep with his dagger, and then sent William for it, who brought it home on his back.

On Sunday morning, his majesty got up early, and spent some time at his prayers; after which he came down into the parlour, where his servants were frightened at seeing his nose bleed, till he told them that it often did so. As soon as the mutton was cold, William cut it up, and brought a leg of it into the parlour, where his majesty cut some of it into collops, and fried them himself; while Colonel Careless was under-cook, and helped to turn

them into the pan; and the king ate of them very heartily. He used often to talk about this afterwards, and ask Colonel Careless which had been the master-cook, himself or the colonel.

All this while the other brothers of the Penderels were, in their several stations, either watching to gain a knowledge of what was going on, or upon some other service; but it so pleased God, that though the rebel soldiers had heard of his majesty's having been at White Ladies, and had often searched the house, yet they never searched Boscobel House while the king remained there; perhaps because they were told that none but poor servants lived there. The king passed some part of this Sunday in reading in a pretty arbour in Boscobel garden, which grew upon a mount, and in which there was a stone table, and seats about it. He sent John Penderel to Lord Wilmot, to say that he meant to go to Moseley House (about five miles from Boscobel, and belonging to Mr. Whitgreave, a firm friend to the king) that same night; so Lord Wilmot (whom John found at Bentley, the house of Colonel Lane, another royalist with whom he had taken shelter) agreed to meet the king at Moseley at twelve o'clock at night. As the king had suffered so much from his foot-journey to Madeley, it was settled that he should ride upon Humphrey Penderel's mill-horse (for Humphrey was the miller of White Ladies' mill). The horse was taken up from grass, and a pitiful old saddle, and worse bridle, having been put upon it, the king mounted, and after taking leave of Colonel Careless, he started from Boscobel, attended by all the honest brothers, William, John, Richard, Humphrey, and George Penderel, and Francis Yates. Each of these took a bill, or pikestaff, on his back, and some of them had pistols in their pockets. Two marched before, and one on each side, of his majesty's horse, and two came behind at a little distance; and if they had been attacked or questioned by five or six troopers, they were prepared to show their courage in defending, as well as they had shown their faithfulness in otherwise serving his majesty; and though it was midnight, yet they led him through by-ways for greater safety. After he had travelled some way, the king complained that the horse was "the heaviest, dull jade he ever rode on," to which Humphrey answered, "My liege, can you blame the horse to go heavily when he has the weight of three kingdoms on his back?"

When the king came to a mill within two miles of Mr. Whitgreave's house, he got off his horse, with which William, Humphrey, and George went back to Boscobel, and the king went on foot with the others to the place where Lord Wilmot had promised to meet him. Having forgotten at first to bid farewell to William and the others who were going back, his majesty called to them, after he had walked a little way, and said, "My troubles

make me forget myself: I thank you all!" and gave them his hand to kiss.

Mr. Whitgreave, and his friend Mr. Huddleston, a priest who was staying with him, now came out to meet him, and led him into the house, where Lord Wilmot was waiting for him, who kneeled down and embraced his knees, while his majesty kissed him on the cheek, and eagerly asked what had become of some of his friends. But Lord Wilmot could tell him nothing, excepting that he hoped they were in safety.

He now told Mr. Whitgreave and Mr. Huddleston who the king was, saying, "Though I have concealed my friend's name all this while, now I must tell you this is my master, your master, and the master of us all" (for he did not know that they already knew this); and his majesty gave them his hand to kiss, and said he never should forget their faithful conduct. After this, he begged to see his hiding-place, which Mr. Whitgreave showed him, and with which he was much pleased; and then returning to Lord Wilmot's room, Mr. Huddleston brought him a shirt, and fresh stockings, and shoes. His dress, when he arrived at Moseley, was a leathern doublet, with pewter buttons, a pair of old green breeches, and a coat of the same colour; a pair of old shoes, cut so as to give ease to his feet, which were sore with walking; an old grey greasy hat, without a lining; and a ragged shirt of the coarsest linen; and his face and hands were stained with walnut-leaves. Being refreshed with some biscuit and wine, the king said cheerfully, "I am now ready for another march; and if it shall please God once more to place me at the head of but eight or ten thousand good men of one mind, and resolved to fight, I shall not doubt to drive these rogues out of my kingdoms."

It was now day-break, on Monday the 8th of September; and his majesty lay down to rest on a pallet in his hiding-place, while Lord Wilmot entreated Mr. Whitgreave, if the rebels should come and search for the king, to give him up to them instead of the king, in the hope that this might satisfy them, and prevent them from searching further.

The king spent the chief of Monday in a closet over the porch, where he could see those who passed the road by the house. But in the afternoon, while he was lying down upon Mr. Huddleston's bed, a party of rebel soldiers came to the house intending to take Mr. Whitgreave prisoner, in the belief that he had been at the battle of Worcester. As soon as Mr. Whitgreave had concealed the king and Lord Wilmot in their hiding-places, he went boldly down to the soldiers, having first opened all the room-doors, and told them that he had not been from home for a fortnight; with which, as the neighbours said the same, they were satisfied, and went away.

In the mean time the rebels had taken prisoner a soldier who

had been with the king to White Ladies ; and by threats, or some other means, made him at last confess this ; upon which they went there in great haste, in hopes of finding him on Tuesday ; but they found only Mr. George Giffard and Mrs. Anne Andrew (supposed to be his servant), whom they threatened and treated with great harshness, but without discovering any thing from these loyal subjects ; which so enraged them, that they searched every corner of the house, broke down part of the wainscot, and at last beat the soldier severely for making them lose their labour.

While this was passing at White Ladies, the king was spending the day in conversation chiefly with Mr. Huddleston, Lord Wilmot having left Moseley on Monday night to prepare a place of shelter for his majesty at Bentley, and Mr. and Mrs. Whitgreave (Mr. W.'s mother) engaged in watching the house and neighbourhood. The king saw two soldiers pass by the gate into the road on this day, one of whom he knew to be a highlander, and of his own regiment.

Mr. Huddleston had under his care three young men, Sir John Preston, Mr. Thomas Playow, and Mr. Francis Reynolds ; and on this Tuesday (the better to conceal his majesty's being in the house, and excuse his own more than usually long stay up-stairs), he pretended to be ill, and afraid of the rebel soldiers, and set his scholars to watch at several garret-windows to give notice if they saw any troopers coming. This service the young men performed very diligently all day ; and at night, when they were at supper, Sir John said to his companions (more truly than he thought), "Come, lads, let us eat lustily ; for we have been upon the life-guards to-day,"

On Tuesday night, between twelve and one o'clock, Lord Wilmot sent Colonel Lane to conduct the king to Bentley. So he took leave of his hosts with many thanks, and begged Mr. Whitgreave and Mr. Huddleston to take care that they were not discovered by the rebels, who would make them suffer severely for their loyalty, giving them letters to a merchant in London, who would give them money and means to escape beyond sea, if they thought fit. They kneeled down, and kissed his hand, and prayed to Almighty God for his safety and preservation, and then delivered their great charge to Col. Lane.

The night being cold, and his majesty's clothing thin, Mr. Huddleston begged him to wear his cloak, which he did, and sent it back from Bentley to him. He stayed but a short time at Col. Lane's house, but took the opportunity of his daughter Mrs. Lane's going to Bristol, to act the part of her groom, riding before her on the same horse (as it was usual in those days for ladies to ride behind their servants). After being several times in danger of discovery, and meeting with many strange adventures, the

king sailed from Sussex on the 15th of October, 1651, and landed safely in France the next morning, having been wonderfully preserved, by the admirable providence of God, through all dangers, and from the enemies who beset him; and after having been hunted to and fro, like a "partridge upon the mountains," he was permitted, in God's own time, to sit upon the throne of his fathers, and called forth to govern his own people, when they least expected him.

You will like to hear what became of the faithful family of Penderels. The very next day after the king left Boscobel, two parties of rebels went there, one of which ate up their little store of provisions, plundered the house, and frightened dame Joan by their threats and violence; yet could gain nothing from them. This danger being over, honest William began to think of paying for the sheep which he had taken from Mr. Staunton's fold for the king; but as soon as he heard that it was killed for some honest cavaliers who had been sheltered at Boscobel, Mr. Staunton refused to take the money. Col. Careless now sent William from London to Holland, where he carried the first happy news of the king's safety to his sister the Princess of Orange.

After his majesty was restored to his kingdom, he sent for the five brothers, who went to him at Whitehall on the 13th of June, 1660; and the king owned their faithful service, and rewarded them handsomely, as well as the other people who had been so faithful to him.

It is said that Richard Penderel amused his majesty, and the lords who were with him at this time, with an account of his journey from Boscobel to Moseley, and of his brother Humphrey's wit when his majesty complained of the roughness of the mill-horse. A monument was raised by the king over this faithful man's grave, whose death he much lamented, and whom he used to distinguish by the name of "Trusty Dick."

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#### THE ROYAL WOODMAN.

COME, ye Britons, bold and good,  
 Who oft beneath the oak have stood,  
 And gather'd from its spray  
 The pale green leaves and apple rare,  
 Which loyal Britons love to wear  
 On each oak-apple day:

Come listen now, while I relate  
 How, long ago, in humble state,  
 A loyal woodman brave  
 Did honour to his sovereign shew,  
 And from the base rebellious foe  
 The second Charles did save.

The rebels fought against their king,  
 And vanquish'd him,—oh, impious thing,  
 To make their sovereign fly!  
 From Worcester—so historians tell—  
 He fled, and came to Boscobel,  
 Which stood some forest nigh,

Where in lone house a woodman dwelt,  
 Who often to his Maker knelt;  
 And therefore well he knew  
 How in God's holy Word 'tis said,  
 That earthly kings should be obey'd  
 With fear and reverence due.

“Then shall I sell,” said Penderel bold,  
 “My sovereign for the traitors' gold.  
 And so my conscience sting!  
 No, never; though they threaten death,  
 Yet will I to my latest breath  
 Honour my liege and king.”

His brothers four were also true,  
 His wife and mother loyal too—  
 So all agree to bring  
 A suit complete of woodman's clothes:  
 In which, to cheat his threatening foes,  
 They soon disguise the king.

Then, to refresh their royal guest,  
 The dame full proudly did her best  
 With humble cottage-fare.  
 Her sons kept watch, that they might know  
 If danger threaten'd, or the foe  
 Had traced their inmate there.

Next morning, when the shades of night  
 Gave way before the sunbeam bright,  
 To work the Penderels went,  
 King Charles, his honest friends between,  
 The bill-hook plies in forest green,  
 E'en till the day was spent.

Then to their cot with setting sun,  
 When evening came, and work was done,  
 Their guest the woodmen brought,  
 Again to lay his royal head  
 Right gladly on that homely bed;  
 Whilst him the rebels sought.

Well nigh he'd reach'd the friendly roof,  
 And danger seem'd to keep aloof,  
 And all of safety spoke;  
 Suddenly then the king did see  
 His foes approach, and climb'd a tree,  
 Now called the Royal Oak.

The tangled branches thick and green  
Kept him, as there he sat, unseen;—

The traitors spied him not.  
They little thought how near that day  
To their much-injured king were they,  
So quickly left the spot.

'Twas God above that seemed to say,  
When in the oak the sovereign lay,

“ Behold, my outspread arm  
Shall thee secure from rebels' eye ;  
They mine anointed shall not spy,  
Nor do my servant harm.

God saw thy martyred father die ;  
And though to slay thee rebels try,

Yet shall they try in vain.  
A sinful nation kill'd their king :  
Yet still his son in time I'll bring  
In blessed peace to reign.”

The Penderels lived that day to see  
When God restored, their king to be,

The once poor fugitive.  
Oh, how delightful then to know  
They'd never been their sovereign's foe,  
But toiled that he might live !

They, in rebellion's darkest night,  
Refused the wrong and chose the right,  
And did their duty do.

And now with joyful hearts they greet  
Their king restored, and him can meet  
In loyal feeling true.

Then come, ye Britons, one and all,  
And gather now the oaken ball,

In memory of the day.  
Pluck for your hats the oaken bough,  
And twine its leaves around your brow  
Each twenty-ninth of May.\*

Yes, gather now from England's tree  
The leaf that well may prove in thee  
A loyal English heart.

And keep to Penderel's motto bright,  
The wrong reject, prefer the right,  
And spurn the traitor's part.

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\* The day on which Charles II. was restored to the throne of his ancestors.

## LORD COLLINGWOOD,


BORN 1750—DIED 1810.

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"How little do the people in general know of war, and of the anxious midnight hours which we experience!—while they rest as happily in their nests as a full stomach will allow."—*Life of Lord Collingwood*, p. 288.

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## CHAP. I.

 HE lives and sufferings of great men are generally listened to with attention and interest,—especially when we feel persuaded that their sufferings were undergone in a good cause. And if ever there lived and died a martyr to his country's cause—if ever there was a man who endured suffering for the sake of his country,—that man was Cuthbert Collingwood. The leading feature in his character, which distinguishes his life so completely from that of most of his noble friends and fellow-sailors, was his ardent attachment to the sweets of domestic happiness. And it was his continued and bitter trial, while blest beyond other men with the keenest relish for the delights of home, to be more thoroughly shut out from these than has often been the lot of any other person. For seven long years was he never allowed to behold those whom he most justly and most dearly loved; and his numerous letters written during that time present to us a beautiful picture of self-denial and heroism. At his country's call, and for his country's good, Collingwood consented to forego entirely those innocent domestic enjoyments which were dear to him as a right hand or a right eye: he gave up all, that he might benefit his country. So that in reading a short account of his life, if we find it less full of bustle and incident than that of other naval heroes, it will, at least, have the interest of self-devotion to recommend it; and I may add, when we see what men can suffer and give up when their country's welfare is at stake, we may learn what they



should no less be ready to suffer and give up when the direct interests of Religion are concerned.

Cuthbert Collingwood, the eldest of six children, was born at Newcastle-upon-Tyne in 1750; and was for some little time a schoolfellow of two brothers, both of them honourably distinguished in after-life by the well-earned titles of Lord Eldon and Lord Stowell. But young Collingwood was soon to be put to a very different sort of school; and at the early age of eleven he was placed in the navy under his cousin, Captain Brathwaite. It was a tale of his childhood which he would repeat in after-life, that at this time, while crying for his separation from home, he engaged the pity of one of the officers, who comforted and encouraged him; and was, in return, treated with a large piece of plum-cake which his mother had given him.

The first years of his service were spent in the usual hardships attending upon naval war; and it was fourteen years before he became a lieutenant. Upon one occasion, some years afterwards, being sent on an expedition in South America, he lost, from the dreadful effects of the climate, in four months, 180 out of the 200 persons who were in the ship that he commanded. And soon after this he was wrecked upon some rocks; from which, having remained ten days with a very small supply of food, he and his companions at length made their escape. In 1783 he was stationed in the West Indies, where he assisted Nelson in compelling the selfish American traders to keep the provisions of a treaty by which the trade to the West-Indian islands was confined to British subjects. It was no easy task to make these sturdy republicans feel that, as they had shaken off the burden of the British yoke, they must be content likewise to surrender the privileges attendant upon it.

From the age of eleven to that of thirty-six years, Collingwood had been absent from his country; but in 1786 he returned to England, and spent three or four years at home in Northumberland, as he describes it, "making acquaintance with his family," to whom he had hitherto been a stranger. After a short interval of employment in 1790, he again came home, and was married to Miss Sarah Blackett—an excellent woman, worthy of his tender affection, and a good mother to his two girls, Sarah and Mary, who upon the father's side were almost, as it were, orphans from their birth. Soon was Collingwood to be called away from the endearments of home; and never, for any length of time, was he to be allowed again to enjoy them. The French revolutionary war broke out in 1793; and he was too good an officer, too active a man, to be spared at home. The cause in which he was to hoist his flag,—the cause in which at that time the standard of Great Britain was so nobly unfurled,—was the cause of RIGHT against WRONG, of genuine liberty against that tyranny which would fain

have passed under the disguise of freedom. Collingwood knew well the value of the good cause which he was to defend. It is his own remark, that "the times were turbulent, and the enthusiasm for *liberty*\* raging even to madness." And he felt, he deeply felt, that "misery would undoubtedly be the consequence of any commotion or attempt to disturb" the English constitution. In defence of these English principles against the attacks which the French were then making upon all good principles, Captain Collingwood soon distinguished himself. He was present and fought bravely at the battle gained by Lord Howe on the first of June, 1794; though, for some cause or other, his name was at the time passed over, and he did not receive his medal till three years afterwards. But one little trait in his conduct at this battle may be noticed, since it marks the man better than that courage and resolution which so many shared in common with himself. "The night before the engagement," he says in one of his letters, "was spent in watching and preparing for the succeeding day; and *many a blessing did I send forth to my Sarah, lest I should never bless her more.*" Who does not more admire the courage of the naval hero on beholding it thus blended with the affection of the kind husband?

After having had the command of two or three other ships, Collingwood was removed to the *Excellent*; and his friend Nelson exclaimed, delighted at his approach to the blockade of Toulon, "See! here comes the *Excellent*, which is as good as two added to our number!" In this ship he greatly distinguished himself at the battle of St. Vincent in 1797, and was offered, as a matter of course, a medal for his conduct there; which honour was, however, declined until (what was equally his due) a medal for Lord Howe's victory was awarded him. This transaction shows that Collingwood was of a noble and manly spirit, although a friend to obedience and order; indeed, it may truly be asserted, that if we seek for *time-servers*, we shall be quite as likely to find them among the ranks of what are called *liberal* as any other. A proper feeling of honest independence is by no means at variance with the Christian principle of giving "honour to whom honour is due." When the medal for the battle of St. Vincent was offered to Collingwood, he refused it, saying, "I feel that I was improperly passed over (alluding to Lord Howe's victory); and to receive such a distinction now, would be to acknowledge the propriety of that injustice." "This is precisely the answer which

\* A witty poet has sneered at the kingly authority, which in holy Scripture we are told to honour, in that well-known line,

"The right divine of kings to govern wrong."

But may we not with more truth, if with less satire, describe *popular liberty* as

"The liberty ourselves to do whate'er

We like, and make all others do the same?"

I expected from you, Captain Collingwood," was Lord St. Vincent's reply, and soon afterwards both medals were sent to him, with a civil apology for the delay of one during so long a time.

During the mutiny at the Nore, in 1797, the fleet under Lord St. Vincent was kept orderly and quiet; and among those zealous officers who assisted their admiral in preserving peace at this critical time, our hero stood foremost. Often would the admiral draft the most unmanageable spirits into the Excellent: "Send them to Collingwood," he used to say, "and he will bring them to order." And yet that commander, like Lord Exmouth, was not less noted for his general kindness and humanity than for the strictness of his order and discipline.

Some of our readers will remember the alarming mutiny above alluded to; and we may subjoin here a memento of it—one of Hannah More's spirited ballads, written on the occasion.

## THE LOYAL SAILOR ;

OR,

### NO MUTINEERING:

BEING A SONG FIT TO BE SUNG ON BOARD OF ALL HIS MAJESTY'S SHIPS.

Giving an account of the very awkward affair at Portsmouth, with the increase of pay then agreed to on all sides, by a sailor supposed to be on board; and also of that most melancholy and dreadful mutiny which happened afterwards at the Nore, and which caused so much astonishment throughout this loyal nation. In which song it is further represented, how this honest sailor was giving away half his ration to his wife Nell, and was also promising part of his pay to her and the children, when a strange fleet hove in sight, and he instantly prepared for action.

*To the Tune of "The Hardy Tar."*

YE Britons brave  
Who ride the wave,  
And make the cannon rattle,  
When winds do roar,  
Who quit the shore,  
To fight your country's battle!  
I'll sing you now,  
If you'll allow,  
A song well worth your hearing,  
And we'll agree,  
Each end shall be,  
Beware of mutineering.

Now should perchance  
The sons of France,  
Those chaps we deem so skittish,  
By day or night  
Come forth to fight  
Us seamen all so British;  
Oh! how we'll fly  
To fight or die,  
No French or Dutchmen fearing  
And while we sing  
God save the King!  
Beware of mutineering.

Yet though we rush  
 Our foes to crush,  
 We're not like brutish cattle;  
 Our duty's clear,  
 Hence freed from fear,  
 We'll trust the God of battle;  
 'Tis for our laws,  
 And country's cause,  
 The thought, my lads, is cheering;  
 'Tis for our King  
 We'll fight and sing,  
 Down, down with mutineering.  
 About some pay,  
 I grant, one day,  
 Our fleet did grow loquacious;  
 What then befel  
 Methinks I'll tell,  
 'Twill prove our King so gracious;  
 'Twill prove beside,  
 Though some may chide.  
 And think perhaps of sneering,  
 Yet on the whole  
 I from my soul  
 Do hate your mutineering.  
 'Twas on one night  
 'Twixt dark and light,  
 When some, you see, were drinking,  
 All down below,  
 While none did know,  
 I spy'd some fellows slinking;  
 Then up came Jack,<sup>†</sup>  
 And slapt my back,  
 (The thump it seem'd endearing)  
 And dropt a word  
 That scarce was heard—  
 Could this be mutineering?  
 But next of pay  
 He talk'd away,  
 And hop'd we'd be united!  
 I hung my head,  
 And merely said,  
 I wished the thing was righted;  
 "Come, come," said he,  
 "Since all agree,  
 We'll claim an instant hearing:"  
 "I'd like," says I,  
 "To share your pie,  
 But hate your mutineering."  
 Our noble crew  
 Were good and true,  
 Yet now they fell a prating,  
 And though so mild,  
 They all turn'd wild,  
 And got to delegating.

Now here again  
 I told the men,  
 "Be careful how you're steering:  
 Avast," I said,  
 "You'll risk your head—  
 Beware of mutineering."  
 Well, next, you see,  
 They did agree  
 To tell their whole condition;  
 The King he sent  
 To parliament,  
 Who granted our petition;  
 'Twas promis'd then  
 By all our men,  
 ('Twas done within my hearing)  
 We'd ask no more,  
 But shut the door  
 Against your mutineering.  
 The time would fail  
 To tell the tale  
 Of all that follow'd after:  
 In part I'm clear  
 'Twould fetch a tear,  
 In part 'twould raise your laughter;  
 For in the close  
 Rebellion rose,  
 Her dreadful forehead rearing;  
 And oh! how queer  
 Did things appear,  
 Amidst the mutineering!  
 Some rais'd to power  
 Were flogg'd next hour,  
 All which was vastly funny;  
 And some, they say,  
 To mend their pay,  
 Subscrib'd away their money.  
 Then round the Nore,  
 To guard the shore,  
 What crowds came volunteering!  
 For like one man  
 The nation ran,  
 To crush the mutineering.  
 Out burst the flame,  
 To blows they came,  
 What prospect could be darker?  
 "King George, I say,  
 Huzza! huzza!  
 King George, and no King Parker!"  
 Come, take your stand,  
 Foul treason's plann'd,  
 Come, come, sir, don't be veering;  
 See, here's the tried  
 Old English side,  
 And there's the mutineering.

Fire, fire's the cry,  
 They fall, they die,  
 The mutineers are routed ;  
 Some lose their head,  
 Some beg their bread,  
 By all the nation scouted ; \*  
 Some fly to France,  
 Who led the dance,  
 Which prov'd a happy clearing ;  
 And for their pains  
 Are clapp'd in chains,  
 To cure their mutineering.

Now let us sing  
 To George our King,  
 Here's health to all the nation ;  
 And let each wife  
 Now takē her knife,  
 And share her husband's ration ;

With you each day  
 We'll part our pay,  
 Our children while you're rearing ;  
 But mind you, Nell,  
 Now don't rebel,  
 Beware of mutineering.

But while I tell  
 Of gentle Nell,  
 And all that frightful faction—  
 " A fleet!—a fleet !  
 O now we meet,  
 My lads, prepare for action :  
 Let every ship  
 Her cable slip,  
 And while the decks are clearing,  
 Sing, Britons, sing,  
 God save the King !  
 Down, down with mutineering !"

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## CHAP. II.

AN instance of the moral force Lord Collingwood had over his men may be given in the following anecdote :—A seaman was sent from the *Romulus*, who had pointed one of the guns, and standing by it with a match, declared that he would fire at the officers, unless he received a promise that no punishment should be inflicted on him. When this man came on board the *Excellent*, the captain, before many of the crew, said to him with great sternness, " I know your character well : but beware how you attempt to excite insubordination in this ship ; for I have such confidence in my men, that I am certain I shall hear in an hour of every thing you are doing. If you behave well in future, I will treat you like the rest, nor notice here what happened in another ship ; but if you endeavour to excite mutiny, mark me well, *I will instantly head you up in a cask, and throw you into the sea.*" The man became a good and obedient sailor on board of the *Excellent*, and never afterwards gave any cause of complaint. Bodily punishment was never inflicted, unless it was positively necessary ; and then Captain Collingwood was present, as is customary : but it always caused him great uneasiness ; and he would be melancholy and

\* The merchants and shipowners of London had a general meeting, in which it was resolved to receive no sailor into their service after the peace, unless he brought a certificate from his captain, of his not having joined the mutiny.

silent for hours afterwards. He used to tell the ship's company, that the youngest midshipman should be obeyed as completely as himself; and when any complaint was made, he would order the man for punishment next day. In the mean time he would call the midshipman, perhaps a mere boy, down to him; and reminding him that possibly he was in fault, and that it would be a sad thing to see a man old enough to be his father punished for disobeying him, the captain would recommend him to ask for the offender's pardon.

Instead of the lash, a sort of punishment then too commonly used in the navy, our humane hero employed other modes, such as *watering the grog*, and the like punishments, now happily become general in the service. One plan of his was, to order the offender to be shut out from his mess, and employed in every kind of extra duty, so that he was liable every moment to be called on deck for the meanest service, amidst the laughter of the men and boys. Some sailors would declare that they would rather have three dozen lashes than undergo this; and it had a good effect in reforming disorderly characters. He did every thing in his power to amuse and occupy the men; and his care and attention to the sick were very great, since, even after he was an admiral, he would often visit them daily, and supply them from his own table. The sailors considered him and called him their father; and frequently, when he changed his ship, many of the crew were seen in tears at his departure. Yet never did he court, nay, he utterly despised, what is commonly called *popularity*. He never was known to unbend with the men; but then he never allowed coarse or violent language towards them to be used either by himself or by others. "If you do not know a man's name," he would say to the officers, "call him *sailor*, and not 'you sir,' and other such appellations; they are offensive and improper." His conduct to the officers was of the same kind; he could soon see when anything was out of order in the ship, and his reproofs, although short and conveyed in proper language, were deeply felt; so that he was considered very strict in his discipline. "I have given you a commission," said Lord St. Vincent to Lieutenant Clavell, "into the Excellent; but remember that you are going to a man who will take it away from you to-morrow, if you behave ill." Clavell, then quite unknown to Captain Collingwood, became afterwards one of his dearest friends, and never left him till he was made by him a post-captain. As an instance of the quiet, yet pointed, way in which he could reprove an inferior in command, the following reply to a captain, for whom he had the highest esteem, may be here noticed. Collingwood, then an admiral, was anxious to complete his store of bread, and to sail directly; but when he inquired of the captain if all his boats were gone ashore, the answer was, "I have sent them all, except *my barge*." "Oh! of course," said the admiral, "a captain's barge

must never be employed for such purposes; but I hope *they make every possible use of mine.*"

Attention to economy and skill in management of stores were leading points in Collingwood's naval character; and most important points they were, especially during those tedious blockades and cruising off an enemy's shore, in which the greater part of his life was consumed. He was afraid that it might be the policy of the French, unable to cope with the British navy on the open seas, to force us to keep up an immense fleet at a great expense, until at length poverty and distress should compel us to give way. Hence his thoughts were ever bent on economising, and doing all in his power to lessen the expense of sailing the ships. "The difference," he said, "I observe in them is immense: some men, who have the foresight to discern what our first difficulty will be, support and provide their ships by enchantment, one scarce knows how; while others, less provident, would exhaust a dock-yard, and still be in want. I do not think these gentlemen should go to sea; they certainly do not regard or feel for the future necessities of their country." And sometimes of such persons he would speak with great severity. "That officer," he once said, "should never sail without a store-ship in company. He knows as much seamanship as the king's attorney-general: I would not trust him with a boat in a trout-stream."

Captain Collingwood was by no means one of those *liberals*, wise in their own conceit, who thought that the war of the revolution was a needless or unjustifiable war. He acted upon the principles of common sense, considering that

"When from our neighbour's roof the fires begin  
To mount, 'tis time for us to look within."

And since he was neither simple enough to believe that there was no danger threatening his country, nor wicked enough to desire his country's ruin, he thus plainly expressed his opinion upon the subject in 1798:—"The question is not merely, who shall be conqueror, with the acquisition of some island or colony ceded by a treaty, and then the business concludes; but whether we shall any longer be a people,—whether Britain is still to be enrolled among the list of European nations,—whether the name of Englishman is to continue an appellation of honour, conveying the idea of every quality which makes human nature respectable, or a term of reproach and infamy, the designation of beggars and slaves. Men of property must come forward both with purse and sword; for the contest must decide whether they shall have any thing, even a country, which they can call their own." Not only men of property, but men of every rank, did come forward; Englishmen made a noble effort to withstand the godless principles of French republicanism and French despotism; and, thanks be to God, we

still have a country we can call our own. And let us not forget our obligations to those brave men who, at the cost of their lives, and of objects dearer than even life itself, defended their country in that hour of danger. When a voluntary subscription in aid of government was set on foot in 1798, the flag-officers and captains in the fleet off Cadiz subscribed no less than 5,000*l.*, "which was very well," as Collingwood adds, "considering how few of us are men of fortune." But he and the other officers gave to their country's cause things far more valuable than their money,—their time, their health, their talents, their lives. "What should I suffer," was our hero's exclamation, "if, in this convulsion of nations, this general call of Englishmen to the standard of their country, I should be without occupation!\*"—a miserable creature!" With such feelings as these ever kindling in his soul, we may guess what must have been his joy at the great victory of the Nile gained by his friend Nelson in 1798; and at the same time, we may imagine his regret at not being himself present there.

During a few weeks in the beginning of the following year, Captain Collingwood was allowed to enjoy the blessings of home, and to visit his beloved wife and his two children. But in May he was made a rear-admiral, and employed in the tedious and inglorious, but useful service of blockading the enemy's fleet. After a year and more had been spent in this way, his ship, the *Barfleur*, was for some weeks in Plymouth Dock; but since its stay there was uncertain, and the season was winter, Mrs. Collingwood did not at first undertake the long journey from Northumberland to Plymouth. This was, he writes, a melancholy, forlorn time to him, to be so near those whom he best loved, and yet to have not a glimpse of them. After Christmas he tells his father-in-law how glad he should have been could he have joined them; "but it will not be long," continues he—"two years more will, I think, exhaust me completely, and then I shall be fit only to be nursed. God knows how little claim I have on anybody to take that trouble. My daughters can never be to me what yours have been, whose affections have been nurtured by daily acts of kindness. They may be told that it is a duty to regard me; but it is not reasonable to expect that they should have the same feeling for a person of whom they have only heard."

After an absence of nearly eight years, Admiral Collingwood was at length permitted to see his wife, who had travelled in the depth of winter from the north into Devonshire to meet him. His interview with her cannot be better described than in his own words. "I had been reckoning on the possibility of her arrival

\* Yet elsewhere he says, not long afterwards, writing to his wife, "If it were peace, I do not think there would be a happier set of creatures in Northumberland than we should be." He loved peace for its own sake, and would have enjoyed it; but when war threatened his native land, he could not sit still and inactive.



that Tuesday, when about two o'clock I received an express to go to sea immediately, with all the ships that were ready; and had we not been engaged at a court-martial, I might have got out that day: but this business delayed me till near night, and I determined to wait on shore until eight o'clock, for the chance of their arrival. I went to dine with Lord Nelson; and while we were at dinner their arrival was announced to me. I flew to the inn where I had desired my wife to come, and found her and little Sarah as well after their journey as if it had lasted only for the day. No greater happiness is human nature capable of than was mine that evening; but *at dawn we parted, and I went to sea!*" The battle of Copenhagen took place shortly afterwards; and then followed the peace of Amiens, which, for a time, restored our hero to the bosom of his family. Early in 1802 he returned to Morpeth, where he spent a year of rest and happiness in superintending the education of his daughters, and in study, especially in reading history. His chief amusements, besides that of conversation with his family, were in drawing, planting,\* and gardening. Of this last he was extremely fond; and he was once found by a brother-admiral, who was looking for him in his garden, at the bottom of a deep trench, digging busily with his favourite, old Scott the gardener. Of this faithful servant he frequently speaks in his letters, in one of which he says, "You may depend upon it that old Scott is a much happier man than if he had been born a statesman, and has done more good in his day than most of them. Robes and furred gowns veil passions, vanities, and sordid interests, that Scott never knew." And writing to his father-in-law from on board ship, at a time when Mrs. Collingwood was not at home, he thoughtfully says, "I should be obliged to you if you would send Scott a guinea for me, for these hard times† must pinch the poor old man; and he will miss my wife, who was very kind to him." Of the admiral's love of planting, and of his attention and care respecting the education of his daughters, there will be occasion to speak hereafter; suffice it to say that in such harmless amusements and good occupations a twelvemonth at home flew swiftly by, and then, in the spring of the year 1803, the war with the usurper Buonaparte broke out; the admiral was called to his country's service; and though his life was prolonged for seven years more, yet he never returned home again. Thus was he forced to leave his family almost, as he himself expresses it, before he became known to his own children.

\* "I wish every body thought on this subject as I do; they would not walk through their farms without a pocketful of acorns to drop in the hedge-sides, and then let them take their chance."

† These *were* "hard times;" for just then we were engaged in a war for our very existence as a nation, and the famine that prevailed in consequence of two bad harvests together was very alarming. Bread was 20*d.* the quartern loaf, and wages not high in proportion.

Collingwood was stationed off Brest, to blockade the fleet of the enemy,—a tiresome and not very glorious service, yet a difficult one and exceedingly important. Often would the admiral pass the whole of the night on the quarter-deck, sleeping at intervals on a gun, and then rising to sweep the horizon with his night-glass, lest the enemy should escape under cover of the darkness. Often, when he and his friend Lieutenant Clavell have been alone, if the latter would have persuaded him that there was no need of their watching, as a good look-out was kept, the admiral would say, "I fear you are exhausted; you have need of rest. So go to bed, Clavell; and I will watch by myself." In this service he would often be a week without having his clothes off. In reading of such efforts and so much perseverance in them, we cannot but be reminded of the beautiful resemblance, so often dwelt upon in Scripture, of our Christian course to a state of warfare. What will the noble spirits of either service, naval or military, shrink from daring or enduring, when duty calls them? And why is the soldier and servant of Christ so often found, in these days at least, to be less daring, less enduring?

Admiral Collingwood continued until the spring of 1805 in the same laborious service, occasionally shifting his flag from ship to ship, so as never to be obliged to go into port either for victualling or repairs. He was afterwards ordered into the Mediterranean Sea; and with only three ships of the line, a frigate, and a bomb-ship, he blocked up the whole of the enemy's fleet in the port of Cadiz, on the Spanish coast; managing, at the same time, to conceal the smallness of his own force. In September Lord Nelson joined them, taking the first command, with Collingwood for his second; and thus combined they endeavoured to draw the enemy's fleet to an encounter; and their efforts being at length successful, ended in the glorious, yet melancholy day of Trafalgar. Nelson's letter to his "dear Coll.," as he familiarly called his friend, breathes a noble spirit of courage and patriotism, nor can it be too frequently reprinted. "I send you," he writes, previously to the battle, "my plan of attack, as far as a man dare venture to guess at the very uncertain position the enemy may be found in; but, my dear friend, it is to place you perfectly at ease respecting my intentions, and to give full scope to your judgment for carrying them into effect. We can, my dear Coll., have no little jealousies; we have only one great object in view,—that of annihilating our enemies, and getting a glorious peace for our country." With such manly and patriotic feelings did these two British admirals expect the approach of that eventful day, which, while it covered both with glory, was to envelope one of them in the shades of death. Nelson was ready with his immortal signal,—a signal only expressing the thoughts of his own heart,—ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY;

and Collingwood felt, as he expresses it in one of his letters, "as if the welfare of England depended on them alone." The last letter that Nelson ever wrote was to his friend and brother-admiral, inviting him on board the *Victory*: "What a beautiful day!" he writes,—“will you be tempted out of your ship? If you will, hoist the Assent and *Victory's* pendants." To the note containing this invitation, Collingwood had added this remark: "Before the answer to this letter had got to the *Victory*, the signal was made that the enemy's fleet was coming out of Cadiz; and we chased immediately."

It pleased, as Collingwood properly states in a private letter to a friend,—“It pleased the almighty Disposer of all events to grant his majesty's arms a complete and glorious victory." In that victory our hero bore no mean part. His ship was about a mile from the nearest English vessel, and was pressing alone into the midst of the enemy's combined fleet, when Nelson said to Captain Blackwood, "See how that noble fellow Collingwood takes his ship into action. How I envy him!" And Collingwood, well knowing his commander and friend, observed about the same time, "What would Nelson give to be here!" A very little more, and the Royal Sovereign would alone have captured the Spanish admiral's ship, in the midst of a fleet of thirty-three sail; but, however, she sustained the attack, and the other English ships came up in about twenty minutes or half an hour, to take their share also in the deadly encounter. It was supposed Collingwood's ship must have perished; it may be therefore imagined with what joy his flag was espied still flying triumphantly above the smoke. Collingwood maintained during this fearful struggle the most perfect calmness, attending to every thing needful, even to such small matters as the preservation of the rigging from needless damage. At half-past two o'clock, on October 21, 1805, the Spanish admiral struck: and about the same time Nelson's mortal wound was reported to Collingwood; and in a very short time, just as the engagement was decided, the hero of Trafalgar breathed his last.

It would be out of place to enter further into the particulars of that great engagement, which is more especially connected with the name of Nelson; so that it shall suffice to have pointed out the very conspicuous part borne by Collingwood likewise at Trafalgar. No one, according to Dr. Johnson's shrewd saying, is a hero to his *valet de chambre*; but the account given by Mr. Smith, a valued domestic servant, of Admiral Collingwood's behaviour just before the engagement, furnishes a proof that this is not always correct. "I entered the admiral's cabin," he says, "about daylight, and found him already up and dressing. He asked if I had seen the French fleet; and on my replying that I had not, he told me to look out at them, adding that in a short

time we should see a great deal more of them. I then observed a crowd of ships to leeward;\* but I could not help looking with still greater interest at the admiral, who, during all this time, was shaving himself with a composure that astonished me." The admiral dressed himself that morning with peculiar care; and advised Clavell, whom he met afterwards, to pull his boots off, saying, "You had better put on silk stockings, as I have done; for if one should get a shot in the leg, they would be so much more manageable for the surgeon." He then visited the decks, encouraging the men, and addressing the officers in such words as these: "Now, gentlemen, let us do something to-day which the world may talk of hereafter." So great was the calmness and self-command of this British admiral; nor was it forgotten, when victory had been the result of their efforts, to Whose almighty power the success was to be ascribed. Of this the following extract from a general order, dated on the day after the battle, may serve as a proof. "The Almighty God, whose arm is strength, having of His great mercy been pleased to crown the exertions of his majesty's fleet with success, in giving them a complete victory over their enemies on the 21st of this month; and that all praise and thanksgiving may be offered up to the throne of grace, for the great benefit to our country and to mankind; I have thought proper that a day should be appointed of general humiliation before God, and thanksgiving for His merciful goodness, imploring forgiveness of sins, a continuation of His divine mercy, and His constant aid to us in defence of our country's liberties and laws, without which the utmost efforts of man are nought."

Upon the death of Lord Nelson, the command of the fleet passed into the hands of Collingwood, no unworthy successor of so great a name. In one respect our hero has been blamed, however, and it has been stated, truly enough, that he chose to act contrary to the plans of Nelson. It has been thought that, instead of sinking and destroying the captured ships of the enemy after the engagement, our British fleet might have been brought to anchor, and the prizes saved. Nelson's last orders were, it is true, to that effect; but when he gave these, he was lying in his cabin, mortally wounded, and not aware of the state of his fleet. But a heavy wind was blowing at the time, and they had only a lee shore to anchor on; besides which, the ships had been so much damaged in the battle, that most likely, instead of saving their prizes, they would themselves have gone to the bottom. Such was the decided opinion of Collingwood, who had every opportunity of judging, and was well fitted to judge correctly: and though it may be easy to find fault with him now for not

\* Towards the quarter from which the wind is blowing.

having preserved the prizes, what would have been said of him, if, immediately after so mighty a victory, he had been the means of sinking our own ships?

In the midst of the havoc and miseries of war, humane conduct and good offices between enemies shine forth like a gleam of sunshine in the midst of a stormy day. To soften the distresses of the vanquished, a flag was sent to the Spanish commander, to offer him his wounded men; and a present of wine was sent in return, with an offer of the use of the Spanish hospitals for the cure of the wounded British. These kindnesses were performed with good faith on both sides; and several presents were received and given, among which an English cheese and a cask of porter, which were then rarities at Cadiz, may be mentioned. Nothing is more pleasing than these acts of mutual kindness and good understanding between enemies, who thus prove themselves to be not *personal* but *national* foes; and since war, undoubtedly an evil, appears to be sometimes a necessary evil, we cannot but welcome every feeling which is at all calculated to lessen its horrors and miseries.

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### CHAP. III.

THE honours which Admiral Collingwood had now so justly and so hardly earned were soon poured upon him by his grateful king and country. He was raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Collingwood, and received a letter of thanks from George the Third, through his private secretary,\* and also the thanks of both Houses of Parliament. A pension, likewise, of 2000*l.* a-year was granted him for his own life, and in case of his death, 1000*l.* a-year to Lady Collingwood, and 500*l.* to each of his daughters. But the great charm of titles and honours, (when they are not inherited from our fathers,) is the consciousness that they are not undeserved; and this feeling rendered his rank acceptable and agreeable to Lord Collingwood, although he scarcely had money enough at his banker's to pay for his patent of nobility.† In his private letters his honest joy is openly expressed, and he

\* This honourable notice delighted the loyal heart of the British sailor. "I value it above every thing," is his own expression.

† "Let others plead for pensions," he says; "I can be rich without money, by endeavouring to be superior to every thing poor. I would have my services to my country unstained by any interested motive; and old Scott" (his gardener) "and I can go on in our cabbage-garden without much greater expense than formerly."

felt thankful for his blessings to the Giver of all good. "This is Christmas-day," he writes on the 25th of December, 1805, "a merry and cheerful one, I hope, to all my darlings. May God bless us, and grant that we may pass the next together. Every body is very good to me; but his majesty's letters are my pride; it is there I feel the object of my life attained."

After the battle of Trafalgar, the days of Lord Collingwood were entirely spent in watching and blockading the ships of the enemy; nor was he again allowed to take part in that active service of which he was desirous, and for which he had proved himself to be so well qualified. "How I long," says he on one occasion, "to have a peep into my own house, and a walk in my own garden! It is the pleasing object of all my hopes. If I could get another blow at the Frenchmen, I would certainly come home and compose my perturbed spirits." It has been already noticed how extremely fond our naval hero was of gardening and planting, than which two more innocent and pleasing occupations cannot be found. Yet, season after season went by without his even seeing a green leaf; and it was only by report from home that he could learn the gradual progress of those oaks which he had himself planted with so much care. Old Scott, to whom his noble master would often send kind messages and gifts, was never more to see his master alive; and instead of occasional repose among the joys of home and in the groves of his own planting, Lord Collingwood was doomed to wear out his strength and his days on the barren solitary deck of his ship. However, his life was not wasted; for by his various communications and arrangements with different nations, no less than by his skill in blockading the enemy, he rendered his country continually the best and most essential service.

Early in the year 1806, Mr. Edward Collingwood, a cousin of the admiral, died, and left to the latter and his heirs male the estate of Chirton. The following proposed regulations of the newly-inherited property are worthy of one who delighted in "fearing God and the king, and in *meddling not with those that are given to change*." "I wish that the very letter of the will of my deceased friend should be observed. Whatever establishments may be found there for the comfort of the poor, or the education and improvement of their children, I would have continued and increased. I want to make no great accession of wealth from it, nor will I have any body put to the smallest inconvenience for me . . . . I hope the butler and servants are provided for. Smith, the man I have now, is a gentleman in manners and education; and he will, I dare say, see me out as my own servant." To a man conscious of his own high motives, and at the same time painfully aware from daily experience of the greatness of the sacrifices he was making for his country's good, some remarks

made about this time in the House of Commons respecting the settlement of a pension upon his two daughters must have been very unpleasant. The busy-bodies, whoever they were, by whom these unpleasant observations were publicly made, had most probably never devoted so many *hours* as Collingwood had *years* to the real good and welfare of their country. The *true patriot* expresses himself exceedingly displeased at these *mock patriots* in one of his private letters, and adds in a noble strain: "The pension was honourable to me, as it flowed voluntarily from his majesty's bounty, and as a testimony of his approbation; but if I had a favour to ask, money would be the last thing I would beg from an impoverished country. I am not a Jew, whose god is gold; nor a Swiss, whose services are to be counted against so much money. I have motives for my conduct which I would not give in exchange for a hundred pensions."

No day passed in which Lady Collingwood had not her husband's blessing and his prayers for her happiness, nor was he unmindful of such days as her birthday or their wedding-day, generally writing to her, and sending his affectionate remembrances on such occasions especially.

One so fond of domestic life as was Lord Collingwood, could not, of course, but feel anxious respecting the education of his daughters; and not only his continued absence from home, but likewise the circumstance of his having no son, rendered him more thoughtful than fathers usually are upon this important subject. And although the training up of young ladies is not, perhaps, quite the subject upon which we should expect an old English admiral to be well informed, yet by placing together some of his scattered remarks bearing upon this point, we shall see that his natural good sense and fatherly affection enabled him to form many just and reasonable ideas respecting this matter, although it may seem to some that the British sailor expected almost too much from his beloved daughters. Against novel-reading, which is now too much the employment of the young of either sex, the admiral was very strenuous. "Above all things, keep novels out of their reach," was his advice; but if he had been on shore, he would have found that somewhat difficult, not to say undesirable, since too often pleasures being totally forbidden are more sought after, and at last more greedily indulged in, than they would otherwise have been. It is surely better to allow the young to read some *good* works of fiction, magazines, newspapers, and so forth, while at the same time we endeavour to instil a taste and relish for literature of a more solid character, than to forbid altogether what at one time of life or other they are sure to come in contact with. Let such reading be indulged in simply as a means of lightening and unbending the mind, and then every thing will be kept in its proper place. Lord Collingwood was very anxious

that his children should be kept constantly employed. "I beseech you, dearest Sarah," he says in a letter to his wife, "keep them constantly employed; make them read to you, not trifles, but history, in the manner we used to do in the winter evenings: blessed evenings indeed! The human mind will improve itself, if it be kept in action: but grows dull and torpid when left to slumber. I believe even stupidity itself may be cultivated."

It may not be amiss, before we quit the subject, to bring forward one short specimen of Lord Collingwood's fondness for his absent children. It is amusing and very pleasing to find one of the heroes of Trafalgar penning a note like the following:—

"My darlings, little Sarah and Mary,—I was delighted with your last letters, my blessings; and desire you to write to me very often, and tell me all the news of the city of Newcastle, and town of Morpeth. I hope we shall have many happy days, and many a good laugh together yet. Be kind to old Scott; and when you see him weeding my oaks, give the old man a shilling. May God Almighty bless you!"

Two entire letters of Lord Collingwood's may here be given as specimens:—

*Admiral Lord Collingwood to his Daughter.*

"Ocean, at Malta, Feb. 5, 1809.

"I received your letter, my dearest child; and it made me very happy to find that you and dear Mary were well, and taking pains with your education. The greatest pleasure I have amidst my toils and troubles is, in the expectation which I entertain of finding you improved in knowledge, and that the understanding which it hath pleased God to give you both, has been cultivated with care and assiduity. Your future happiness and respectability in the world depend on the diligence with which you apply to the attainment of knowledge at this period of your life; and I hope that no negligence of your own will be a bar to your progress. When I write to you, my beloved child, so much interested am I that you should be amiable, and worthy of the friendship and esteem of good and wise people, that I cannot forbear to second and enforce the instruction which you receive, by admonition of my own, pointing out to you the great advantages that will result from a temperate conduct and sweetness of manner, to all people, on all occasions. It does not follow that you are to coincide and agree in opinion with every ill-judging person; but, after showing them your reason for dissenting from their opinion, your argument and opposition to it should not be tinctured with anything offensive. Never forget for one moment that you are a gentlewoman; and all your words and all your actions should mark you gentle. I never knew your mother—your dear, your good mother—



say a harsh or a hasty thing to any person in my life. Endeavour to imitate her. I am quick and hasty in my temper; my sensibility is touched sometimes with a trifle, and my expression of it sudden as gunpowder; but, my darling, it is a misfortune, which not having been sufficiently restrained in my youth has caused me much pain. It has indeed given me more pain to subdue this natural impetuosity than any thing I ever undertook. I believe that you are both mild; but if ever you feel in your little breasts that you inherit a particle of your father's infirmity, restrain it, and quit the subject that has caused it, until your serenity be recovered. So much for mind and manners; next for accomplishments.

"No sportsman ever hits a partridge without aiming at it; and skill is acquired by repeated attempts. It is the same thing in every art; unless you aim at perfection, you will never attain it; but frequent attempts will make it easy. Never, therefore, do any thing with indifference; whether it be to mend a rent in your garment, or to finish the most delicate piece of art, endeavour to do it as perfectly as it is possible. When you write a letter, give it your greatest care, that it may be as perfect in all its parts as you can make it. Let the subject be sense, expressed in the most plain, intelligible, and elegant manner that you are capable of. If in a familiar epistle you should be playful and jocular, guard carefully that your wit be not sharp, so as to give pain to any person; and before you write a sentence, examine it, even the words of which it is composed, that there be nothing vulgar or inelegant in them. Remember, my dear, that your letter is the picture of your brains; and those whose brains are a compound of folly, nonsense, and impertinence, are to blame to exhibit them to the contempt of the world, or the pity of their friends. To write a letter with negligence, without proper stops, with crooked lines, and great flourishing dashes, is inelegant; it argues either great ignorance of what is proper, or great ignorance towards the person to whom it is addressed, and is consequently disrespectful. It makes no amends to add an apology, for having scrawled a sheet of paper, of bad pens, for you should mend them; or want of time, for nothing is more important to you, or to which your time can be more properly devoted. I think I can know the character of a lady pretty nearly by her handwriting. The dashers are all impudent, however they may conceal it from themselves or others; and the scribblers flatter themselves with a vain hope, that, as their letter cannot be read, it may be mistaken for sense. I am very anxious to come to England, for I have lately been unwell. The greatest happiness which I expect there, is to find that my dear girls have been assiduous in their learning. May God Almighty bless you, my beloved little Sarah, and sweet Mary too."

*Admiral Lord Collingwood to Lady Collingwood.*

“ Ocean, June 16, 1806.

“ This day, my love, is the anniversary of our marriage ; and I wish you many happy returns of it. If ever we have peace, I hope to spend my latter days amid my family, which is the only sort of happiness I can enjoy. After this life of labour, to retire to peace and quietness, is all I look for in the world. Should we decide to change the place of our dwelling, our route would, of course, be to the southward of Morpeth ; but then I should be for ever regretting those beautiful views, which are nowhere to be exceeded, and even the rattling of that old waggon that used to pass our door at six o'clock in a winter's morning had its charms. The fact is, whenever I think how I am to be happy again, my thoughts carry me back to Morpeth, where, out of the fuss and parade of the world, surrounded by those I loved most dearly, and who loved me, I enjoyed as much happiness as my nature is capable of. Many things that I see in the world give me a distaste to the finery of it. The great knaves are not like those poor unfortunates, who, driven perhaps to distress from accidents which they could not prevent, or at least not educated in principles of honour and honesty, are hanged for some little thievery ; while a knave of education and high breeding, who brandishes his honour in the eyes of the world, would rob a state to its ruin. For the first I feel pity and compassion, for the latter abhorrence and contempt—they are the tenfold vicious.

“ Have you read—but, what I am more interested about, is your sister with you ? and is she well and happy ? Tell her—God bless her !—I wish I were with you, that we might have a good laugh. God bless me ! I have scarcely laughed these three years. I am here with a very reduced force, having been obliged to make detachments to all quarters. This leaves me weak, while the Spaniards and French within are daily gaining strength ; they have patched and pieced until they have now a very considerable fleet. Whether they will venture out, I do not know ; if they come, I have no doubt we shall do an excellent deed ; and then I will bring them to England myself. How do the dear girls go on ? I would have them taught geometry, which is of all sciences in the world the most entertaining : it expands the mind more to the knowledge of all things in nature, and better teaches to distinguish between truths, and such things as have the appearance of being truths, yet are not, than any other. Their education, and the proper cultivation of the sense which God has given them, are the objects on which my happiness most depends. To inspire them with a love of every thing that is honourable and virtuous, though in rags, and with contempt for vanity and embroidery, is the way to make them the darlings of my heart. They should

not only read, but it requires a careful selection of books; nor should they ever have access to two at the same time: but when a subject is begun, it should be finished before any thing else is undertaken. How would it enlarge their minds, if they could acquire a sufficient knowledge of mathematics and astronomy, to give them an idea of the beauty and wonders of the creation! I am persuaded that the generality of people, and particularly fine ladies, only adore God because they are told it is proper, and the fashion to go to church; but I would have my girls gain such knowledge of the works of the creation, that they may have a fixed idea of the nature of that Being who could be the author of such a world. Whenever they have that, nothing on this side the moon will give them much uneasiness of mind. I do not mean that they should be stoics, or want the common feelings for the sufferings that flesh is heir to; but they would then have a source of consolation for the worst that could happen.

"Tell me, how do the trees which I planted thrive? Is there shade under the three oaks for a comfortable summer-seat? Do the poplars grow at the walk? and does the wall of the terrace stand firm? My bankers tell me, that all my money in their hands is exhausted by fees on the peerage, and that I am in their debt, which is a new epoch in my life; for it is the first time I was ever in debt since I was a midshipman. Here I get nothing, but then my expenses are nothing, and I do not want it particularly, now that I have got my knives, forks, teapot, and the things you were so kind as to send me."

The following observations upon *war*, coming as they do from one who spent almost the whole of his life in the midst of it, cannot but be useful. "War is not a subject to be considered with levity;—it is not a subject in which the personal resentment of an individual should be allowed to have any weight;—and the person who makes an honourable peace for his country is more its friend than he who adds to its splendour by many victories in a cause which was not of strict necessity. Wrongs to a nation, whether of insult or injustice, are not justifiable causes of war until reparation has been demanded of the offending government and refused. Then, indeed, war is of necessity, to defend the honour or interest of a nation; and a great nation will not shrink from it; for it is glorious to be jealous of its honour; it is its duty to defend the interests of its subjects; but it is unworthy of it to bear a fair appearance to a government, and at the same time instigate the people to rebellion, or support them in it. Such a conduct, I conceive, must at all times be derogatory to the dignity of an honourable nation; although it may be reconcilable to the crooked policy of a Frenchman of the present day."

The perpetual confinement on board of a ship, and the constant

cares which Lord Collingwood had now for many years undergone, without having had any release or cessation, were but too plainly beginning to bring on a gradual decay of strength; and in 1808, he made an application to be allowed to resign his command, which was, however, not listened to, because of the difficulty of providing a proper successor, and the unwillingness of the Admiralty to lose services so valuable. Accordingly, he was content to linger on in a very feeble state of bodily health, still undergoing the same imprisonment and continual anxiety; of the wearing effects of which he speaks frequently in his private letters. He told only the truth when he said, in one of these, "I give all my strength and time to the public service, from daylight until midnight, often borrowing an hour or two from the next day; and have scarce time to eat my scanty dinner. I am worn out, and wish to retire from it, but it seems that I must not; and my greatest fear is, that my unfitness will grow upon me."

In 1809 Collingwood was appointed Major-general of the Marines; and every compliment was paid to his noble conduct; indeed, the greatest possible compliment was his chief trial—the fact that his country could not do without his services. "Tough as I have been," he says on one occasion, "I cannot last much longer. I have seen all the ships and men out two or three times. Bounce\* and I seem to be the only personages who stand our ground. Many about me are yielding to the fatigue and confinement of a life which is certainly not natural to man." And again he writes: "I am an unhappy creature, old and worn out. I wish to come to England; but some objection is ever made to it." At length, early in 1810, he was forced to resign his command, although very unwilling, from a sense of duty, to quit his post; but, before he could leave the fleet, he found himself in a state of exhaustion; and on the 7th of March, 1810, he quietly breathed his last, in calm resignation to the will of God.

It was found, that the only cause of Lord Collingwood's death was a disease of the stomach, brought on by long confinement on board of ship, and by bending over his desk to write his numerous letters; and from the length of years reached by many of the members of his family, it is likely enough that our hero would have lived to a good old age, but for the slow and painful decay which his services to his country had brought on. His talents were very great, not only as an admiral, but likewise as a statesman; to which fact, his very large correspondence with different foreign governments, and the admirable arrangements which he generally made with them, bear sufficient testimony. His kindness to the men under his command was uniform and praiseworthy; and in the midst of war he was always anxious to do

\* His favourite dog.

whatever was in his power to recall again the blessings of peace. Of his domestic virtues nothing more need be said; for who that has read the foregoing pages cannot see in him the pleasing picture of an affectionate husband and of a kind and wise parent, as well as a noble example of the brave British admiral? He valued money only so far as it might be useful and applicable to good and charitable purposes; and having well disposed of his property in his will, he wisely added to that document a prayer to God, to render the future owners of his substance contented and happy. He was a regular attendant on Divine worship every Sunday; and when the weather would not admit of the crew being assembled together to join in the prayers of the Church, he would read the service in his own cabin, and employ his time upon some devout book. Lord Collingwood did not make any parade of religion; and although the times in which he lived were, upon the whole, less favourable to religion than the present are, yet it must be owned, that if there is more zeal and devotion now, there is probably much more hypocrisy likewise. Lord Collingwood was always desirous of showing his thankfulness and devotion to his Maker by kindness to his fellow-creatures. "I cannot," he once remarked, "for the life of me, comprehend the religion of an officer who could pray all one day, and flog his men all the next."

The gratitude of the British nation has raised a monument in St. Paul's Cathedral to the officer of whose life we have given this little sketch, and who was buried close by the side of Nelson. To compare these is needless; to breathe a word against the superiority of the latter may be presumptuous; but yet surely, when we remember how, while each of them *dared* all, Collingwood also *endured* all, for his country's good, we shall hardly be willing to rank him at all below his heroic friend.

"Trafalgar tells the tale of Nelson's fame;  
And why should Collingwood's less glory claim?"

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#### ADMIRAL COLLINGWOOD.

METHINKS it is a glorious thing  
To sail upon the deep;  
A thousand sailors under you,  
Their watch and ward to keep:  
To see your gallant battle-flag  
So scornfully unroll'd,  
As scarcely did the wild wind dare  
To stir one crimson fold:

To watch the frigates seatter'd round,  
 Like birds upon the wing ;  
 Yet know they only wait your will—  
 It is a glorious thing.  
 Our admiral stood on the deck,  
 And look'd upon the sea ;  
 He held the glass in his right hand,  
 And far and near look'd he :  
 He could not see one hostile ship  
 Abroad upon the main ;  
 From east to west, from north to south,  
 It was his own domain.  
 " Good news for England this, good news,"  
 Forth may her merchants fare ;  
 Thick o'er the sea, no enemy  
 Will cross the pathway there.  
 A paleness came upon his cheek,  
 A shadow to his brow ;  
 Alas ! our good Lord Collingwood,  
 What is it ails him now ?  
 Tears stand within the brave man's eyes,  
 Each softer pulse is stirred :  
 It is the sickness of the heart,  
 Of hope too long deferr'd.  
 He's pining for his native seas,  
 And for his native shore ;  
 All but his honour he would give  
 To be at home once more.  
 He does not know his children's face ;  
 His wife might pass him by,  
 He is so alter'd, did they meet,  
 With an unconscious eye.  
 He has been many years at sea,  
 He is worn with wind and wave ;  
 He asks a little breathing space  
 Between it and his grave :  
 He feels his breath come heavily,  
 His keen eye faint and dim ;  
 It was a weary sacrifice  
 That England ask'd of him.  
 He never saw his home again—  
 The deep voice of the gun,  
 The lowering of his battle-flag,  
 Told when his life was done.  
 His sailors walk'd the deck, and wept,  
 Around them howl'd the gale ;  
 And far away two orphans knelt—  
 A widow's cheek grew pale.  
 Amid the many names that light  
 Our history's blazon'd line,  
 I know not one, brave Collingwood,  
 That touches me like thine.

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## SIR THOMAS STAMFORD RAFFLES.\*

BORN 1781—DIED 1826.

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**T**HOMAS STAMFORD RAFFLES was born at sea, off Jamaica, in 1781, and baptized at his uncle's living at Eaton Bishop, in Herefordshire. At the early age of fourteen, he was taken from school to be placed as a clerk in the East India House, where, although his whole day was pretty well occupied in his office, he found, or rather *made*, time to improve himself, and carry on, as well as he could, his half-completed education. At this time he was able, by extra labour, to obtain an addition to his salary; which, instead of being spent upon himself, was carried home to his parents, who then needed his assistance. To his mother he was most affectionately attached. His hard-earned pittance now was devoted to her, and afterwards, when he could afford it, he rejoiced in being able to surround her with every comfort. The life of labour and confinement which he was compelled to lead at the India House did not, however, suit his health, and he gladly seized upon an opportunity, which offered itself in 1805, of going out to Penang, or Prince of Wales's Island,† where an establishment was to be formed, in which he held the appointment of assistant-secretary. His labours, both in his duties and in his studies, were very severe, and he became secretary in the course of two or three years, soon after which appointment he was, partly from fatigue, and partly from the climate, attacked with an illness, which had nearly proved fatal to him. However, he recovered again, and continued his studies of the language and manners of the natives of that distant part of the East, and formed acquaintance with several persons of talent and rank, among whom may be named Dr. Leyden, and Lord Minto, then governor-general of India. In 1810, the French, having conquered the Dutch, came into possession of

\* The following Account of Sir T. S. Raffles is compiled from the interesting Memoir of him published by his Widow, in two volumes, 8vo. Duncan, London, 1835.

† An island situated on the coast of the Peninsula of Malaya, which lies between China and the East Indies.

the colonies of the latter nation in the eastern seas, among which it appeared that Java, one of the Spice Islands, was a very important object with the French, because its situation furnished the means of considerable opposition to English power and English commerce.

It was resolved by Lord Minto, with the authority of the English government, to attempt the conquest of Java, which was accordingly done in 1811. Mr. Raffles, having been appointed secretary to the governor-general, accompanied him to Java, whither a fleet of more than ninety ships was conveyed in safety by a route which Raffles had pointed out, and which the governor, trusting to his knowledge of the neighbouring seas, had preferred, although the naval authorities were opposed to it. In those seas the wind blows strongly from one point for months together; the islands lie so thick, that frequently only one ship at a time can pass between them, so that it was no easy affair to make a passage for a large fleet; and great must have been the secretary's delight, when he found the ships which had been guided by his local knowledge, arrived in sight of Batavia, the capital of Java, without accident to a single vessel. Six weeks was the fleet in sailing from Malacca to Java, and being a landsman, with so many vessels dependent upon his knowledge for the route they had taken, his anxiety must have been very great; indeed, he said, "Perhaps so great responsibility was never for so long on the head of a single individual, and the relief which I felt was proportionate."

The troops under Lord Minto were soon landed in Java, and after some hard fighting they were completely successful; the chief town, Batavia, was taken, and the whole island was shortly delivered up to the British power. As an acknowledgment of the services he had rendered, and in consideration of his peculiar fitness for the office, Mr. Raffles received from the governor-general, the appointment of lieutenant-governor of Java and its dependencies. This, although an honourable, was an extensive and difficult charge, the island of Java alone containing a population of six millions of natives, who had never been thoroughly conquered, and were but little inclined quietly to submit to the rule of their new governors. Besides, the seas were to be cleared of pirates; the revenues, which under the Dutch government had latterly fallen very short, were to be restored to a better state; a new system of collecting them was to be commenced; and many other changes were required, which fully occupied the time and thoughts of the new governor. Some warlike movements were also rendered needful by the conduct of certain of the native chiefs; until at length, after having shown much personal courage as well as talent, Governor Raffles succeeded in 1812 in subjecting the whole of the island of Java to the influence of the British power, under which the petty princes and native chiefs were



allowed still to hold their authority. With these the governor always endeavoured to keep up a good understanding; they were often invited to his table; and no opportunity of gaining knowledge of the country was allowed to pass unheeded. From the early habit, which he always continued, of seeking out the company and conversation of the natives, may be traced the wonderful influence which he obtained over them, and the respect paid by them to his advice and opinions. The pains, likewise, bestowed by him upon the language, customs, natural history, and other interesting subjects connected with the country over which he was placed, could not fail to please its inhabitants, and to render him agreeable to them. Some time passed by, during which the governor was busily engaged in his various arrangements, not without meeting much opposition, and undergoing great anxiety. It was long a matter of doubt whether, after the overthrow of Buonaparte and the restoration of Holland, Java should be restored to its old masters, the Dutch. In this uncertain state of things it was the principle of the English governor to *do as much good as he could*; and among other improvements he was endeavouring to abolish slavery, and that successfully, but his efforts were stopped and rendered useless by his departure from the island in 1816, and by the restoration of Java to the Dutch power, which event took place shortly afterwards. During the previous year the death of his first wife, whom he had married in 1805, combined with the loss of several other friends and connexions, among whom was Lord Minto, had so great an effect upon his spirits that he was exceedingly ill. Indeed the trials and anxieties of mind he had to bear, the effect of the hot, unhealthy climate in which he lived, and the unceasing toil which he bestowed upon the duties of his office and other pursuits, all joined to break up and destroy a constitution which never seems to have been very strong. If the statement be in any measure correct, that he was "constantly occupied from four in the morning until eleven and twelve at night," then there can be no room for wonder that these undue efforts, in such a climate, too, were followed by their natural consequences,—premature old age and early death.

A voyage to England appeared at this time to be the only means of preserving his life, so that Governor Raffles took his passage direct from Java to his native country. Upon his leaving Batavia, the utmost regret and sorrow were expressed by all classes of its inhabitants; addresses and pieces of plate were presented to him; and every proof was given him that his untiring exertions in the post to which he had been appointed had not failed of securing the respect and approbation of those who had witnessed them. The effects of the sea-air during the voyage upon the health of the invalid were very favourable; and altogether his three or four

months passed on board the good ship *Ganges*, on his return home, appear to have been very agreeably spent. They landed at St. Helena, and were allowed to have an interview with Buonaparte, who was then (1816) confined in that island. A remarkable event happened to them in the latter part of their voyage, which may be worth mentioning, as an example of one of the "wonders of the great deep." On the night of June 17th, which was very fine and bright, the persons on board the *Ganges* continued on deck very late, enjoying the weather, and admiring the brisk rate at which the vessel and another named the *Auspicious*, which was in company with it, were proceeding along the waves, with as much sail as they could carry. About three o'clock they were alarmed by a signal of distress from the *Auspicious*, and on looking towards her they found that she had lost her three topmasts, and seemed a perfect wreck. As morning dawned she looked yet more miserable, completely at the mercy of those waves through which, but the evening before, she had ploughed her way so triumphantly. The *Ganges*, which was only a few hundred yards distant, had not been at all injured: indeed it had been one of the smoothest nights of the whole voyage. No one could clearly account for this sudden burst of bad weather, but the sailors called it "a white squall,"—desperate for the moment, but of short duration. They remained with the *Auspicious* for two days, to render what assistance they could; and on the third day after the accident both vessels were ready to proceed.

The remainder of the voyage passed off very agreeably, and the long-expected shores of old England were at length in view. Raffles and his party landed at Falmouth in Cornwall: it was a beautiful day in July, and to them, whose eyes had been long accustomed to drier and hotter climates, where the vegetation, though most abundant, is often parched up with heat, their native land, as they approached, had a most delightful appearance, the fields looking so green, and the country so luxuriant. During his stay in England he published his "*History of Java*," and received the honour of knighthood from the Prince Regent, afterwards George the Fourth. He also made many acquaintances and friends in the fifteen months which he spent at home; and among other places which he visited was Claremont, the residence of the Princess Charlotte and of Prince Leopold. Here he was a frequent guest; his last dinner before he returned to the East was at Claremont; and the ring which on that day the princess gave to him, (a very short time before her lamented death,) was the gift which, of all such gifts, he most highly prized.

In the summer of 1817, Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles went to the continent, chiefly for the purpose of seeing the King of Holland, and having some communication with him respecting the island of Java, which was now restored again to the Dutch.

Having returned from abroad, he also visited many parts of Great Britain, travelling with his usual speed, sixteen hours in the day;—a speed, it may be remarked, as little suited for delicate health, as for correct and accurate observation. He received the appointment of lieutenant-governor of Bencoolen, a settlement upon the coast of Sumatra, an island somewhat to the north-west of his former government, Java. In October, 1817, he left Portsmouth for Bencoolen, on board the *Lady Raffles*, the name of which ship may remind us that he had married a second time early in that year. So unfavourable was the wind at first that the vessel was hindered six weeks before it could finally get away from the coast of England, and this delay rendered the voyage a very tedious one, —five months without touching at any port.

When he arrived at Bencoolen in March, 1818, Sir Stamford found everything in disorder, for the settlement had been much neglected, and to crown its misfortunes an earthquake, an event not unusual in those countries, had just happened, in which all the buildings in the place had suffered, and the first news which the governor received was that both government-houses were rendered useless and unfit to be inhabited. This was no agreeable information after so long a voyage, especially as *Lady Raffles* had now an infant, as well as herself, to be attended to. The natives called Bencoolen “dead land,” on account of its recent misfortunes; and its governor declares he could never have thought of anything half so bad as its real state. But, however, he pleasantly adds, “We will try and make it better.” And with this view he proposes, as future objects of his care, the abolishing of slavery, the relief of the country people from the forced cultivation of pepper, the discontinuance of the gaming and cock-fighting farms then allowed, and the removal of other evils and abuses. In order to render himself better acquainted with the natives of the Island of Sumatra, and with the country itself, the inland parts of which were almost entirely unknown, the new governor made several journeys, taking with him not only some scientific persons to observe the curious plants and animals to be met with, but also accompanied by *Lady Raffles*, who seems to have travelled across forests, mountains, beds of rivers, and so forth, with wonderful spirit and success. The fatigue undergone on such journeys must have been excessive, but the wonders of nature which they saw, and the knowledge gained by them, must have, in some degree at least, repaid their toil.

Of course we cannot follow these bold travellers in their various adventures, which are very agreeably related in Sir Stamford's letters to his friends in England; but one or two extracts may be acceptable. In describing the forests through which they passed in Sumatra, “Nothing,” he says, “is more striking than the grandeur of the vegetation. The size of the flowers, creepers, and

trees, bears no comparison with the stunted vegetation of England. Compared with the forest trees of Sumatra, your largest oak is a mere dwarf. Here we have creepers and vines entwining larger trees, and hanging suspended for more than a hundred feet, in girth not less than a man's body, and many much thicker. The trees seldom under a hundred, and generally approaching a hundred and sixty to two hundred feet in height.\* One tree that we measured was nine yards round!" As a proof of the rapid growth of trees in those warm climates, it is stated that, on one occasion, during the absence of the governor from Bencoolen for *eleven months*, a plantation of trees which he had made, had reached the height of *thirty* or *forty* feet. And among the curiosities which he discovered in the inland parts of Sumatra was a new flower, measuring no less than a *yard* across, and which was called after his name.

To the natives, with whom it was one great object of his journeys to make himself acquainted, Sir Stamford Raffles always behaved with great kindness, which was generally met with gratitude and friendly offices on their part. They were partly heathens, and partly Mahometans, but very simple and uncivilized. Tigers abound in their country, and they have a notion that the soul of man after death very frequently passes into that animal. This is paying no great compliment to human virtue; but so strong is their belief on this subject, that they regard that fierce beast almost as sacred, and treat it with much undeserved mildness and respect. An example of this strange feeling occurred in one of their journeys, when, in passing through the forest, the men carrying their luggage came upon a tiger crouched on the path. The simple natives instantly stopped, and began to entreat the wild beast, assuring him that they were poor people carrying the "great man's" luggage, who would be very angry with them if they did not arrive in time, and therefore they begged permission to pass quietly and without injury. The tiger, being startled at their sudden appearance, got up and walked quietly into the depths of the forest; and they came on, perfectly satisfied that it was in consequence of their petition that they passed in safety!

When the people in one part of the country first beheld Lady Raffles, they were exceedingly astonished, and the question concerning her was not, "*Who* is that?" but, "*What* is that?" for the fairness of her complexion and the disguise of her dress, were to them quite unaccountable. They fancied her to be some superior being; and mothers pressed round her in crowds, imploring her to touch their children, that they might be preserved from future

\* It may assist the reader in forming some idea of the height of these giants of the forest, to remind him that that well-known object, the Monument in London, is 202 feet in height. It requires an effort of fancy to picture to ourselves *trees* as high as that building, and covered half way up with *creepers* as large as our trees.

evil. No excuse of being tired would be received, and no sooner was one crowd satisfied, than a fresh number was collected to make sure of so easy an opening for future good to their children. In one place Lady Raffles was left alone in a house, with a sentry placed at the door to keep the people away; but he was soon overpowered, and hundreds rushed into the house to gaze at her, and express their astonishment. After this had been borne for a long time, the good people were asked to retire, and allow her ladyship a little rest. With one accord they seated themselves in a moment at hearing this, saying, that of all things they should like to see the mode of sleeping, and that they would watch all the time, and only sit and look; nor could any entreaties prevail upon them to go away, until the return of the rest of the governor's party. Elsewhere the same thing was repeated, the same wonder and curiosity shown; crowds assembled to see how an English-woman took food; and dark faces were frequently seen peeping through the curtain which parted off her place of rest from the other portion of the room. This troublesome sort of curiosity would have been unpleasant enough at any time, but how must it indeed have been trying during journeys on which so great fatigue was to be borne. On one occasion, for fifteen succeeding days, the party walked upwards of sixteen miles each day, over the very worst route, for road there was none; at first up the bed of a river, where they had to force their way by leaping from rock to rock; then for some days over hills covered with forests, and the roots of trees, rising far above the ground, their only footpath, the hill being sometimes so steep, that Lady Raffles was obliged to be dragged up by two men; and no refreshment, except a little rice and wine, was to be obtained between breakfast time and night.

In the latter part of the year 1818, the governor, together with his lady, who almost always travelled with him, was obliged to go to Calcutta on a visit of business to the governor-general of India; and instead of returning direct to Bencoolen, he was sent to form a new settlement at Singapore, a place at some little distance to the north of Sumatra, and situated upon another much smaller island. It seems to have been very well chosen with regard to its fitness for trade, especially with China; and within four months of its being established, it contained above five thousand inhabitants, most of them being Chinese. While engaged in the important work of commencing this new settlement, and in other duties, the two parents were necessarily separated from their child for no less a space than nine months, during which their little girl, an infant, was left behind at Bencoolen; and meanwhile they had a son born to them among strangers, in a place where neither nurse nor medical help could be obtained. The two children were named Charlotte and Leopold, after the names of the royal pair who had been so attentive to Sir Stamford during his visit in England.

On their return home to Bencoolen at last, they met with a misfortune, which might have proved serious. Their vessel had struck upon a rock, and it was feared that she would not be got off, so an open boat was prepared to convey the governor, his lady, and their son, an infant four months old, back again to Singapore; but it was proposed to throw all the water overboard, and so lighten the ship, in hopes of getting her off. The attempt was successful, and a boat was soon sent off to Rhio, a Dutch settlement near, in order to state what had happened, and to request a supply of fresh water. The Dutch, who were very ill-disposed towards Sir Stamford, most ungraciously refused to comply with this request, and the voyage was continued with great anxiety, when, fortunately, they fell in with an American trading vessel, from the captain of which, though at the cost of some delay, and even risk to himself, they obtained a supply of some casks of water, which enabled them to proceed on their voyage cheerfully.

For several months, during the latter half of the year 1819, the governor remained at Bencoolen, enjoying, in some degree, the fruits of his past labours, and endeavouring to prepare for still further improvements. With this view, he discouraged slavery to the utmost of his power; he formed schools, and designed a sort of college for the education of the higher orders of the natives. Besides these good works, he assisted in forming a district committee of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and—what a well-informed and thoughtful churchman must pronounce more questionable, however well-intended—he established a Bible society, and encouraged the efforts and made use of the assistance of Baptist and other dissenting missionaries. It is sad and humiliating enough to think that we have never bestowed upon the heathen nations the blessings of the gospel, without, at the same time, bestowing upon them the curses attendant upon our religious strife and divisions, so that the rebuke of one of the heathen inhabitants of the East applies too truly to our mode of converting the nations:—"I should like," said the thoughtful unbeliever, "I should like the Christian religion better, *were there not so many different sorts of it.*" Although the objections against dissent and divisions, being founded on truth, are the same everywhere, yet in no place does dissent appear to so little disadvantage, or with so many excuses in its favour, as in a far country, neglected or unknown by others, but brought within the reach of its missionary exertions. Indeed, when we consider the various difficulties arising from the climate, and the want of means which oppose those who are anxious to instruct the natives of our eastern colonies in the great truths of religion; when we remember, what must be confessed with shame, our own slowness and backwardness in such matters during former years,

as well as the prevailing ignorance respecting church principles, we may (without at all approving the *principle*, or shutting our eyes to the mischief it is likely to occasion) make many allowances for the *practice* of men situated as Sir Stamford Raffles was. At the same time, when we consider the desultory, mistaken, unauthorized mode in which the conversion of heathen nations has generally been undertaken, we cannot reasonably wonder at the want of success which has often followed. Now, however, there does seem to be a hope of our returning to the right way,—“the good old way,”—and we may find the plan, recently proposed in the case of New Zealand, of sending out at first a bishop, as well as inferior clergy, to teach the gospel to the heathens, to be at once the most regular plan, and the plan most likely to ensure success.

But, breathing a humble prayer that the church of Christ may daily become better known to the heathen, and the sects, into which Christianity is, unhappily, divided, less known, let us return to the subject of this sketch. In the autumn of 1819, public business again called him away to Calcutta, and this time he went thither alone, Lady Raffles being left with her children at Bencoolen. At Calcutta he was hindered by illness from returning so soon as he had intended, but in March 1820, he came back again to his wife and family, and during the rest of the year he continued at home, occupying himself with many plans of improvement, forming spice plantations, encouraging the cultivation of coffee, building a country-house, and enjoying the society of his wife and children, and the respect of the colony over which he was placed. He was particularly fond of natural history, and formed a good collection of many rare and curious animals found in that distant country, where Providence had fixed his lot. Singapore, the place which he had settled, continued to thrive and flourish in a manner that proved how well chosen the spot was for the purposes of trade and commerce. His family, now composed of three children, were enjoying good health, and daily improving under his care, so that, altogether, this appears to have been one of the happiest periods of his life. He was beginning also to look forward to a time when he might be able to retire from office, and from the trying effects of so hot a climate. In three or four more years he hoped to be allowed finally to return to England, where the remainder of his life might be spent in enjoying the honourable fruits of his past activity, and where the education of his beloved children might be duly attended to. “My three children,” writes he, about this time, with all the natural affection of a fond parent, “are certainly the finest children that were ever seen; and if we can manage to take them home in about four or five years, we hope to prove that the climate of Bencoolen is not so very bad.” And elsewhere he observes to a friend, “Lady Raffles looks better at present than I ever knew

her, and my *three* children are every thing that the fondest parent could wish."

But, alas! a series of bitter trials was at hand. The beginning of these was the death of a brother of Lady Raffles, who was with them at Bencoolen, and who was taken away after an illness of only five days. After this sad event, the governor and his lady began to find their health not very good, and also saw their children, now four in number, rapidly growing, and drawing nearer to the time when their removal to England for education would be desirable; so that their thoughts and hopes were beginning to be very strongly directed towards the time when they might again return to their native country. But before this could take place it pleased God that some of the blessings most prized should be withdrawn; and in July 1821, his eldest boy, Leopold, his beloved and favourite child, was taken off, after only a few hours of illness; and from that time, so long as he remained at Bencoolen, sickness and death prevailed throughout the settlement and in his own family. But there is reason to think that God's Holy Spirit enabled him to receive and to endure these afflictions with meekness, and to trust that they were rather trials of faith than judgments of anger. Within a week of this sudden loss of a dear child, another friend was taken from them by the death of a brother-in-law, Captain Auber. At this time of sorrow and of mourning a circumstance happened which deserves to be noticed, as an example of the character and feeling of the people of Sumatra. While Lady Raffles was almost overcome with grief for the loss of this favourite child, unable to bear the sight of her other children,—unable to bear even the light of day,—humbled upon her couch with a feeling of misery,—she was thus reproached by a poor, ignorant, uninstructed native woman of the lowest class, who had been employed about the nursery:—"I am come," said the woman to her mistress, "because you have been here many days shut up in a dark room, and no one dares to come near you. Are you not ashamed to grieve in this manner, when you ought to be thanking God for having given you the most beautiful child that ever was seen? Were you not the envy of everybody? Did any one ever see him or speak of him without admiring him? and instead of letting this child continue in this world till he should be worn out with trouble and sorrow, has not God taken him to heaven in all his beauty? What would you have more? For shame! leave off weeping, and let me open a window."

The loss of this fine and promising child was not less grievous to the father than to his mother, and both parents being themselves in a very weak state of health, the shock was more severely felt upon that account. However, they were gradually recovering from the pain of mind by which they had been at first seized, and



were beginning to look forward with increasing earnestness to their expected return to England, when a fresh cause of sorrow sprung up. The remaining children had been unwell, and Sir Stamford, writing in December 1821, says, "Our house for the last six months has been a complete hospital;" so that it was resolved, early in the following spring, to send the children away to England, while their parents, who had always proposed to accompany them, might remain at Bencoolen a year or two longer. Such were the proposed arrangements;—but how uncertain are all human arrangements! How true is that saying of the Scripture, that "man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain!" Their eldest child, Charlotte, was exceedingly ill in December, and at that time her poor father expresses his feelings thus: "What a sad reverse is this! but the other day we were alarmed lest we should have too many; now all our anxiety is to preserve some even of those we have." But in about a month's time, early in the year 1822, he sends this sad account to a distant friend: "We have this morning buried our beloved Charlotte. Poor Marsden was carried to the grave not ten days before, and within the last six months we have lost our three eldest children: judge what must be our distress. I shall not attempt to convey to you anything like an idea of poor Sophia's sufferings. Charlotte had attained that age that she was quite a companion, and of all the misfortunes likely to happen, this was the last looked to. Yet, severe as the dispensation is, we are resigned to it; we have still reason to thank God."

The only child left them, who was still an infant, was sent with her nurse to England without delay, and the governor also sent in his resignation of his office, which, however, he could not quit without leave from England. No sooner had these misfortunes occurred, than Sir Stamford himself fell ill with a severe fever, by which he was confined to his room for three weeks, and which, affecting the brain, drove him almost to madness. However, he recovered again, although it was to a state of extreme weakness and lowness; and the health of Lady Raffles was brought down to nearly the same state, although she was somewhat the better of the two in this respect. Trials of this kind are heavy indeed to every feeling heart; but in a far distant land their weight is doubly felt, for how few can be found to relieve the sufferer of any portion of their weight! "How different," observes Sir Stamford, when sending the mournful news to one of his friends in England, "how different are these communications to those I was so happy as to make during our first three years' residence. We were then perhaps too happy, and prided ourselves too highly on future prospects. It has pleased God to blight our hopes, and we must now lower our expectations more to the standard of the ordinary lot of human nature;—God's will be done! In a

day or two we shall be left without a single child. What a change! We who had recently such a large and happy circle. Our cares are now to preserve one,—our only one. I cannot say any more: my heart is sick and nigh broken.” After all that had happened, it was no small trial to part with the infant that was still spared them. “The Borneo,” the ship that was to convey their little one to England, “sailed from hence on the 4th of March,” writes the afflicted father, “having our dear and only child on board. Sophia has borne the parting tolerably well; but what a sad and lonely house, without nurse and the children! Never was there such a change! We wander from room to room, solitary and dejected. But God’s will be done, and we must be content.”

Six months afterwards, although death had taken away many of his friends, besides those dear ones, whose loss he so severely felt, yet Sir Stamford could write with a calm and happy spirit, that they had become *themselves* again; not that they could forget their past and heavy afflictions, or cease to mourn over them, but they could now again enjoy the present hour, and look forward with steadiness and satisfaction. “I am not one,” continues he, “of that ‘Satanic school’ who look upon this world as the hell of some former and past creation, but am content to take it as I find it; firmly believing, from all I have known and seen, that whatever is, is for our good and happiness, and that there is actually more of both, even in this world, than in our consciences we can think we have deserved.” During the spring and summer of 1822, illness still lingered about the house of the governor; and just as he was about to leave Bencoolen, on a visit to the new settlement at Singapore, he was hindered one day by a foul wind, and on that day he buried Dr. Jack, a great and valued friend, whose health had long been declining. This sad event completed the number of three physicians who had recently died at Bencoolen, where also they had just lost their chaplain.

The sight of Singapore,—a place settled by himself, and now rapidly increasing in trade and importance,—cheered the spirits of the governor, who says, looking at the different situation and state of trade in the two places, “No one could quit Bencoolen, and land at Singapore, without surprise and emotion. What, then, must have been my feelings after the loss of almost every thing that was dear to me on that ill-fated coast?” Here they enjoyed somewhat better health, though not without some alarming and serious attacks; and Sir Stamford and Lady Raffles remained at Singapore, where many matters required to be arranged and settled, until the middle of the year 1823. They then returned to Bencoolen, with the intention of proceeding to England in a few months, and of taking leave for ever of those eastern parts of the world, where the governor had been so actively and

zealously labouring for the last twenty years. At Bencoolen another infant was bestowed upon him, as it might have seemed, to fill up one of the vacant places that death had occasioned in his family; but in a very few months the poor babe was carried off in a like manner, and that, too, at a time when its mother was dangerously ill, and when they had just lost *two* in their own family, and *four* in their small society of Europeans within a month. We may enter into Sir Stamford's feelings in such circumstances, when he writes, "Would that a ship had come out, as I wrote for, direct, that we might have been off! Would to God we were ourselves fairly out of the place! God only knows when the day of our deliverance will arrive."

The ship for which Sir Stamford had written was the *Fame*, but months having passed, and a new year having begun, without any tidings of that vessel, it was resolved to go home by the *Borneo*, a smaller ship. On the very day when this arrangement was to have been completed, fortunately (as was supposed) the *Fame* arrived; and in February, 1824, the governor and his lady, with all his papers, packed up in no less than 122 cases,—his collections of living and stuffed animals,—and many other valuable curiosities and documents belonging to the countries where he had so long resided, embarked at Bencoolen on board the *Fame* for England. Little did he think of the disappointment,—little did he look for the trial that awaited him. Before they had been more than two days at sea, in the evening they were suddenly aroused by a cry of Fire! and in five minutes the whole ship was in flames. The fire had begun right under Sir Stamford's cabin, and the powder-magazine was close to the fire. Boats were lowered in an instant; every effort was made to save the lives of those on board; and they were successful in getting all hands into the boats, which then "hailed close to each other," says Raffles, in his powerful description of this terrible and trying event. "We found the captain fortunately had a compass; but we had no light except from the ship. Our distance from Bencoolen we reckoned to be about fifty miles; our only chance was to regain that port. No chance, no possibility was left, that we could again approach the ship, for she was now one splendid flame, fore and aft, and aloft, her masts and sails in a blaze, and rocking to and fro, threatening to fall in an instant. 'There goes her mizen-mast! Pull away, my boys! There goes the gun-powder! Thank God! thank God!'"

In ten minutes after the alarm was given, not a soul was left on board, and in less than ten minutes afterwards the vessel was one grand mass of fire. In two small open boats, without a drop of water or grain of food, or a rag of covering, except what they happened at the moment to have on their backs, they embarked on the ocean, thankful to God for his mercies, in having spared

their lives. Poor Lady Raffles, "having been taken out of bed, had nothing on but a wrapper, neither shoes nor stockings. There was no time for any one to think of more than two things. 'Can the ship be saved?' 'No.' 'Let us save ourselves then.' All else was swallowed up in one grand ruin." The light of the burning vessel was at first useful to them in steering their course towards the shore, and after a little rain had fallen, the sky became clear, and they could feel sure of their course by help of the stars. The men rowed with all their might, and we may fancy the longing desire with which these poor wanderers upon the restless ocean looked forward to the dawning of day. When that time arrived they could see the coast, and, encouraged by this, they continued to pull with all their strength. About eight or nine o'clock they were met by a ship, which, in consequence of the flames having been seen, had been sent out to their relief. They took to the ship, but Lady Raffles was completely worn out, and fainted continually; however, at two o'clock they landed safe and sound. "No words of mine," writes Sir Stamford, "can do justice to the expressions of feeling, sympathy, and kindness, with which we were hailed by every one: there was not a dry eye; and as we drove back to our former home, loud was the cry of 'God be praised!' Worn out with excitement and fatigue, he went to sleep at three in the afternoon, and did not awake till six the next morning, and Lady Raffles had nearly as sound a sleep, which was very refreshing and serviceable. The loss sustained by the governor was one that could not be repaired. Notes and observations of his own, and of several deceased friends, sufficient to form a full history of the Eastern islands, where he had so long resided,—grammars and dictionaries of the native languages,—maps of those countries,—upwards of *two thousand* drawings,—collections of plants,—specimens of animals, living and dead,—plate, jewels, the diamond ring given by the Princess Charlotte,—all perished. Nothing was saved, nor had there been any opportunity of previously insuring them.

On the following Sunday thanks were publicly returned to Almighty God, for having preserved the lives of those on board the *Fame* in so wonderful a manner. Sir Stamford, in spite of his weak health and the shock of so narrow an escape, and so deplorable a loss, was soon actively employed; and having been without success in an endeavour to get home by the *Wellington*, a ship whose commander went suddenly out of his mind, at length he engaged the *Mariner*, a small vessel, to convey him home, with many prayers that he might be favoured with a prosperous voyage. They met with a dreadful gale, continuing during three whole weeks, off the Cape of Good Hope; but the good ship weathered it, and the *Mariner* reached St. Helena in safety, where the news of the death of Sir Stamford's mother reached him from

England. This, although an event for which he was prepared, was yet a sad stroke, at the very time when he was so rapidly drawing near home, in the hope of seeing his aged parent once more. At length, in August, 1824, he again landed in England, and having shortly reviewed the sad history of his many troubles and trials, who can refuse to join with fellow-feeling in the warm-hearted commencement of his first letter to a friend, dated on the British shore? "Here we are," exclaims he, "thank God, safe and sound!"

Among other delights afforded them by their return to their native land, one of the greatest enjoyments to the two affectionate parents was to behold their dear, their only remaining child, all that they could wish or desire. They now looked forward to restored health, and to some enjoyment of life; but, alas! these are blessings which very few of those Englishmen who are spared to retire from the East Indian service are ever allowed to possess. Sir Stamford was only in his forty-fourth year, but his health was broken down; and though too much of an Englishman to enjoy health in Sumatra, he was too much of an Indian to enjoy it long in our cold and variable climate. He wished to live in the country, and to farm some land of his own;—he was desirous of becoming in course of time a magistrate, and perhaps a member of parliament. But these were dreams, vain dreams. The sad reality is soon told. He bought an estate near Barnet, called High Wood, and was about to become a magistrate; and also, with his neighbours, he was forming a plan of building a chapel-of-ease, his house being four miles from his parish church. One scheme was a favourite with him, and had been proposed when he was on a visit to England before, but now it was actually brought to pass. Time has since shown that it was a good and practicable scheme; and all those who gain pleasure or knowledge from the live animals exhibited by the Zoological Society, may thank Sir Stamford Raffles for having been one of the first proposers, and most zealous promoters of that society. But all his plans in this life were soon to have an end. In May, 1826, he was attacked in London by apoplexy; but upon his being bled, and recovering, his friends and himself were inclined to hope that it was not so serious as they had first feared. "How often," it is well observed, "are the warnings of God rendered of no avail, by the reluctance of man to apply them!" It was two years since his return to England; and the two years had passed rapidly by, for who takes note of the days of happiness? Yet those days had been sorely embittered by ill health and weakness. He died on the day before he had completed his forty-fifth year, the 5th of July, 1826.


"It was his often-expressed hope," are the words of his widow, in the interesting Life, of which a brief outline has here been

given,—“it was his often-expressed hope, that he had experienced sufficient trial to purify his soul; and it is humbly trusted that the many and heavy afflictions with which he was visited, were sanctified by the grace of God, and were made instrumental, through faith in a Saviour, to prepare him for the world where sorrow and sighing are no more.” One remark may be added for the benefit of some of those into whose hands this little sketch may fall. It may be that some of its readers have had to work hard for their daily bread; but have they worked as hard, both in *mind* and body, as did Sir Stamford Raffles? Have they been forced to undergo the same kind of dangers in a foreign land,—to bear the same early decay, the same prospect of an untimely grave, as the only cure for broken health and worn-out strength? If *they* have not had to endure these kind of things, let them remember that thousands of their betters in this world have borne and are bearing such trials. And before they think of envying the rich man that passes by them in his carriage, let the labouring classes ask themselves, whether they would be always gainers by an exchange with him,—whether they would really like to have had his cares and trials, to have his pains and infirmities, for the sake of having his money also;—whether, in short, an honest labouring man may not have more happiness in this world, and for a longer time, than may be enjoyed even by a governor in the Indies?

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## VISCOUNT EXMOUTH.\*

BORN 1757—DIED 1832.



NO sight can be more pleasing, no occupation of the mind more generally agreeable, than to behold the gradual growth of excellence, to watch over the progress of some great and good man from his infancy to his grave,—from the humblest beginnings, it may be, to the very highest point of human glory. We love to trace the growth, even of the most common and ordinary minds; the various steps of advancement by which the helpless babe reaches the condition of a perfect man, are objects of interest to all; nay, even in things without life or reason, it is sweet to observe their gradual improvement, as every one who has watched with care the tree of his own planting, or the house of his own building, can bear witness from experience. This natural feeling may be gratified, many noble lessons learned, and much good example brought before our minds, if we are willing to attend to the events of the life of Edward Pellew, whom we may follow through many years of danger, of trial, and of glory, tracing him from the helpless condition of an orphan child to the proud and well-earned rank of Admiral Viscount Exmouth.

The brave sailor, of whose life we propose to place before you, gentle reader, the principal occurrences, was born at Dover (where his father commanded a post-office packet) in 1757. Being a very weakly infant, and not expected to live, he was baptized on the same day. But he recovered; and before he was yet eight years old, he had the misfortune to lose his father. His mother then removed, with her six children, to Penzance in Cornwall (for they were a Cornish family); and three years afterwards, by an imprudent marriage, she deprived her children almost of their remaining parent, and threw them upon the world with very scanty means and very few friends. At his first school, Edward gave proof of his daring spirit; for a house, in which was a quantity of gunpowder, having taken fire, when others were afraid to approach it, he went alone into the burning house and brought

\* The reader who may feel curious to know more respecting the life of this English hero, is referred to Osler's "Life of Exmouth," (published by Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill, London,) from which the present short Biography has, by permission, been extracted.

out all the powder. Afterwards he was sent to the grammar-school at Truro, where having had a dispute with another boy, whom he had severely punished, to escape a flogging he ran away, and resolved to go to sea. His grandfather wished him to be placed in a merchant's counting-house; but it was well that so bold and daring a spirit should be broken in by the hardships and discipline to be met with on board a ship. If the boy had remained ashore, he would very likely have turned out badly. When he dined with his grandfather the last time before he sailed, the old gentleman told him that he might be answerable for every enemy he killed, adding, "If I can read your character, you will kill a great many." "Well, grandpapa," was the boy's answer, who was not yet fourteen, "and if I do not kill them, they will kill me!"

It was in the year 1770 that young Pellew entered as a midshipman on board of the *Juno*. During the next five years he changed his ship several times, and had the happiness to sail with Captain Pownall, whose kind and wise guidance was useful to the quick and determined, nay, we may almost say rash, character of the young midshipman. One of his frolics was to stand upon his head on the yard-arm;\* and once he actually sprang from the fore-yard, while the ship was going fast through the water, and saved a man who had fallen overboard. This bold spirit was soon called forth in the service to which young Pellew belonged; and during the American war he gained promotion in the navy by as noble an action as ever a sailor was engaged in. The English had built some small vessels in a rough way, to cope with the Americans on Lake Champlain; and in one of these, the *Carleton*, Mr. Pellew was serving. Having fallen in with an American squadron, containing fifteen vessels, carrying ninety-six guns, the *Carleton*, being nearest to the enemy, attacked at once, though she carried only twelve small guns. But unluckily the state of the wind hindered the other English vessels from coming up to her assistance, and she was obliged to engage single-handed the whole force of the enemy; nothing but artillery-boats could be sent to support her. The first midshipman soon lost an arm, and the lieutenant was soon afterwards so badly wounded, that he would have been thrown overboard as dead, but for the interference of the second midshipman, Pellew, who now succeeded to the command of the vessel, and endeavoured to keep up the unequal struggle. A signal of recall was made; but the *Carleton*, with two feet of water in her hold, and half her crew killed and wounded, was not able to obey it. At last she was towed out of action under a very heavy fire from the enemy; and a shot cut

\* Yards (of a ship) are those long pieces of timber that are made a little tapering at each end, and are fitted each athwart its proper mast, with the sails made fast to them, so as to be hoisted up, or lowered down, as occasion serves.—*Bailey's Dictionary*



the towing-rope, when some one was ordered to go and make it secure again. Pellew, seeing all hesitate—for, indeed, it appeared a death-service—ran forward, and did it himself. So bravely had the Carleton and her little crew fought in this action, that, with the help of the artillery-boats, one boat of the enemy was sunk, and another, the largest schooner they had, was destroyed, while the Carleton contrived, after all, to make good her escape. The young midshipman, under whose command this gallant action had chiefly been fought, was honoured with a letter from the First Lord of the Admiralty, and was made a lieutenant upon his return to England in 1777. He saw a great deal of service, and underwent all the hardships of a very unsuccessful campaign, under General Burgoyne, by whom he was at last sent home with despatches. At this time a circumstance happened, which might have been the cause of perpetual grief to him. His younger brother, only seventeen years of age, had come out to join the army; and, in the thoughtless sportfulness of youth, knowing that he was not expected, he resolved to surprise his brother Edward. Accordingly, he fell in with him in the night, and when hailed, answered, "A friend!" "What friend?" exclaimed his brother; "tell who you are, or I'll shoot you!" "What! do you not know me?" "No!" said the other, presenting a pistol. "Your brother John!" This occurred in the spring; and so uncertain is mortal life, especially in time of war, that in the October following, the frolicsome youth of seventeen was cut short in his career of life,—the youngest brother of Edward Pellew was amongst the dead that lay stretched upon the field of battle!

Nothing could have served better to correct the natural rashness of youth,—to blend prudence and forethought with activity and courage,—than the severe trials, hardships, and misfortunes, which were undergone by our bold midshipman, in the American war. He was not employed in any active service for a year or two, which caused him great grief; and in one of the first engagements in which he was concerned, he had the misfortune of losing his friend Captain Pownall, under whom he was serving as first lieutenant. In an hour after the action began, the captain was shot through the body; and saying to his young friend, "Pellew, I know you won't give his majesty's ship away," he immediately died in his arms. The English ship was not given away; but the French vessel with which she had been engaging succeeded in escaping, beaten and dismasted, into the Port of Ostend; a circumstance which added to the sorrow felt by Pellew for the loss of his friend and commander, Captain Pownall. In 1780, the young lieutenant was again promoted to the command of a small vessel; but having nothing but his profession to depend upon, he was much pressed for money to meet the needful expenses of his appointment. Mr. Vigurs, a tradesman in London, not only

supplied him with uniforms,—though he candidly told him that it was uncertain when he would be able to pay for them,—but offered him a loan of money; and Captain Pellew accepted a sum, which made the debt 70*l*. In a few weeks he received 160*l*. prize-money; and immediately, with the thoughtless yet noble-hearted generosity of an English sailor, sent 100*l*. to his creditor, desiring that the difference might be given to the children, or, as he expressed it, to “buy ribands for the girls.” In 1782 he was raised to the rank of post-captain; and soon after this, peace followed, which left him without any active employment for the next four years, during which time he married, and lived first at Truro, and afterwards near Falmouth, in Cornwall; but he was not happy without active occupation, and found a life on shore very irksome to him.

In 1786 he was appointed to the command of the *Winchelsea*, which was stationed in North America, off the coast of Newfoundland; and here he was remarkable for his activity, and the order he kept among his men. It was a frequent remark with them respecting their captain, “Well, he never orders us to do what he won’t do himself;” and they would often observe, “Blow high, blow low, he knows to an inch what the ship can do, and he can almost make her speak.” It once happened, when his ship was in St. John’s Harbour, Newfoundland, that Captain Pellew had been invited to dine with the governor, on the 4th of June, the king’s birth-day; and he was on deck, dressed in full uniform, watching the men who were bathing. A lad, servant to one of the officers, was standing on the ship’s side near to him, and said, “I’ll have a good swim by and by too.” “The sooner the better!” said the captain, and tipped him into the water. Instantly he perceived that the lad could not swim, and quick as thought he dashed overboard in his full-dress uniform, with a rope in one hand, by means of which he soon got the boy on board again. If ever Pellew was frightened, it was when he saw the lad struggling in the water; but he never lost his presence of mind, though alarmed at the consequences of his having mistaken for truth what was merely a vain boast. Nor was this the only instance of his saving the life of a fellow-creature in the midst of the waves,—many other cases might be named; and, in fact, whenever there was any danger, he was ready to risk his own for the preservation of another’s life. Captain Pellew remained on the Newfoundland station until 1791; and here it was that he was one day called upon to decide on a case in which the captain of a merchant-vessel had not acted strictly according to law in punishing one of his men, though the man deserved a far greater punishment. “You have done quite right in coming here,” said Pellew to the man; “your captain had no business to punish you as he has done; and that he may learn to be more cautious in future, we order him to be fined—a shilling!” The man, quite disap-

pointed at this, was about to leave the cabin ; but, to his surprise, he was addressed thus : “ Stop, sir ; we must now try you for the theft ;” and the fact being proved, the culprit was brought to punishment. This story was told to the Lord Chancellor Thurlow, who laughed heartily at it, saying, “ Well, if that is not law, it is at least justice. Captain Pellew ought to have been a judge.”

About this time, the captain, whose means were but scanty, and his family increasing, made an unsuccessful attempt at farming—an employment for which he was by no means fitted. He was afterwards offered a command in the Russian navy, which, however, he honourably, and fortunately too, considered it to be his duty to refuse. The reasons for declining to enter into the service of a foreign nation, which his brother gave him, when consulted on the subject, are so good and sensible, that they may deserve to be repeated. Every man, it was urged, owes his services, blood, and life, so exclusively to his own country, that he has no right to give them to another ; and he should reflect how he would answer for it to his God, if he lost his life in a cause which had no claim upon him. These high considerations of patriotism and religion are the true ground upon which the question should rest. War is too dreadful an evil to be lightly entered upon. Only patriotism, with all its elevating and endearing associations of country, homes, and altars, can throw a veil over its horrors, and a glory around its actions. Patriotism, which gives to victory all its splendour, sheds lustre even on defeat. But he who goes forth to fight the battles of another state, what honour can victory itself bestow upon him ? or how shall he be excused, if he attack the allies of his own country, whom, as a subject, he is bound to respect ? These were the feelings which led Captain Pellew to refuse the offer of the Russian government ; and it was not long before his courage and abilities were called forth in defence of his own land, during one of the severest but noblest struggles that this country, or any other, ever carried on. On the 21st of January, 1793, the French republicans murdered their king, after he had endured almost every kind of misery which the cruelty of a mob could invent, or its lawless power of brute-force could inflict. And twelve days afterwards, the wretched nation, which had cast off its God and put its king to death, declared war against England—a nation still continuing to “ fear God, and honour the king.” This act of the French was quite unexpected, and took England, and the English government by surprise ; but instantly preparations for war were begun, and a signal made to call forth from retirement and domestic life many a brave and noble hero, besides him of whose actions I am writing. And here let it be observed, how ignorant, if not deceitful, is that outcry which is often still raised against the memory

of the great William Pitt, then prime minister of England, and his party, as if they were the persons who had plunged the English nation into a long and expensive, though a most successful war. Who first declared war? it may be asked, when such silly complaints are made in our hearing. Who *forced* the English into a war—not of common character, but a struggle for life and death—a war in defence of their king, their country, and their Church? For what did the French fight but for mere victory, and that they might render other nations as wicked and as miserable as themselves? whereas it was for its very existence that Old England struggled; and bravely, nobly, successfully, (thank God,) was the struggle conducted. Who carried on the war so gloriously? It was Pitt, and his party. Who brought it at length to a most successful close? The same party, under the banners of a Wellington. And, lastly, who was it that begun the war after the short interval of peace in 1802, and, by thus renewing it, stamped its principles of self-defence with their own approval? Why, it was Fox, Charles James Fox—the very man whose admirers and followers may now be so often heard abusing the long war against the French, and railing against Pitt's party, as if *they* alone were answerable for all its consequences!

But we must return to Captain Pellew, who was immediately appointed to a ship, which, from the scarcity of seamen, he was obliged to man with Cornish miners chiefly. The order and discipline kept up in the mines of Cornwall, the habit of climbing, and of being exposed to dangers, the skill in wrestling which most Cornish men could then boast, all combined to render these miners more apt to become tolerably good sailors, than could have been expected. The first action in which the powers of this crew of landsmen were tried, was in an engagement between the *Nymphé*, Captain Pellew's ship, which had formerly been a French frigate, and the *Cleopatra*, a frigate still belonging to that nation. Pellew's plan was to bring the vessels at once to close action, and then to leave the result to the courage of his men, to whose honour and spirit, as Cornishmen, he trusted to make up their deficiency as sailors. Just before the engagement began, the English crew shouted, "Long live King George!" and gave three good cheers; whilst on the other side, the cap of liberty was hoisted, and the new-fangled cry of "*Vive la république!*" ("the republic for ever!") made itself heard. These republicans were superior in numbers, but not in courage, to the sturdy English sailors; and after a fierce battle, the flag of the *Cleopatra* was lowered, and it became the prize of the brave captain and crew of the *Nymphé*. The French captain (Mullon) was killed in the action; and displayed in his death a heroism worthy of a far better cause than that of the French revolution. He had in his pocket the signals; and, in order to prevent their falling into the

hands of the English, whose knowledge of them would render them quite useless, he endeavoured to swallow them, even in his dying agony; but by mistake he devoured a paper containing his captain's commission, instead of that on which the signals were described; and, owing to this mistake, the important paper was found by Captain Pellew, and sent by him to the Admiralty. This, we must remember, was the first frigate taken in the war; and of the manner in which it was done, Lord Howe's words bear sufficient witness: "I never doubted," said he, "that you would take a French frigate; but the manner in which you have done it will establish an example for the war."

The engagement took place on the 19th of June, 1793, and on the 29th of the same month Captain Pellew was presented to George the Third, who made him a knight, and his brother Israel, who had very much assisted him in the action, a post-captain. His majesty presented Sir Edward to the queen, observing, at the same time, "This is *our* friend;" bearing in mind, probably, the opposite principles (that of honouring the king, and that of upsetting every thing) on which the two vessels had met and fought. But our noble sailor, boldly as he fought against the *principles*, waged no war with the *persons* of his enemies; and though his own means were confined, and he had new honours to support, besides being in constant danger of leaving a wife and family unprovided for, he was generous enough to send over to Captain Mullon's widow, who was in narrow circumstances, not only her husband's property, but what assistance he was able to afford. Of such men a nation may well be proud,—for such men it cannot be too thankful: long may England have such men to be proud of, to be thankful for! Another noble instance of generosity occurred in one of the cruising squadrons; and since Sir Edward was at that time commander of the little fleet, it may not be out of place to mention it, though it does not concern him personally. The Artois, under Captain Nangle, had been closely engaged with a French ship for forty minutes, when Sir Sydney Smith came up with his vessel. He would not, however, allow a shot to be fired at first, saying that Nangle had fought his ship well, and must not lose the credit of the victory; but finding that the enemy held on, he said that they must not be allowed to do mischief, and ordered the guns to be got ready. Then taking out his watch, he said, "We'll allow her five minutes; if she do not then strike, we'll fire into her." He stood with the watch in his hand; and just before the five minutes had passed, down came the French colours, and the ship was taken.

It would be quite impossible, without going beyond the limits of this sketch, to follow Sir E. Pellew through all the changes and actions of a life spent in the sea-service, and so the most remarkable only can be noticed; while for the other not less amusing

and improving passages of his life, the reader must be referred to Osler's account of Lord Exmouth,—a book which will well repay him for his trouble in reading it. After many adventures undergone, and much service done to his country, Sir Edward in 1796 was commanding the *Indefatigable*,—no bad name for a ship belonging to such a captain; and here he had very nearly lost his life in an attempt to save that of others. It was Sunday, the weather was bad, and the captain was at dinner with his officers, when a bustle was heard on deck; and on running towards the spot, two men were seen in the water, who had jumped into a boat, which they had found unhooked, intending to secure it, but another sea dashed it to pieces. The captain, seeing this, got into a light boat, which he ordered to be let down into the sea, though his officers persuaded him not to run the risk. Just then, the ship made a deep plunge, the boat was broken, and the captain left in the midst of the waves, very much hurt, and bleeding profusely, having been dashed against the rudder, and his nostril being torn by a hook in the tackle. However, he calmly called for a rope, and slinging himself to one of those thrown out to him, he cheerfully ordered the men on board to haul away. As soon as possible, a boat with an officer and crew were hoisted out; and the two men were saved, as well as their commander. This was the *third time in that single year* that Sir Edward had placed his own life in peril, that he might preserve that of other men. But there is one noble act of this kind performed by him, which deserves more especial notice and peculiar praise.

It was in the beginning of the year 1796, when Sir Edward was on shore at Plymouth, and was going out to dinner with Lady Pellew, that he observed a crowd; and found, upon inquiry, that the *Dutton*, a large vessel with soldiers on board, bound for the West Indies, had got upon a shoal; and having lost her rudder, was beating about at the mercy of the winds and waves. All her masts were gone, and she was lying in a deplorable state at no great distance from the shore. Having heard this, Sir Edward sprang out of the carriage in which he was sitting, and went off with the rest of the people to the beach, where crowds were assembling. He could scarcely see how the loss of nearly all on board, between five and six hundred, could be prevented. They had no commander; for the captain had landed, from illness, only the day before—so all was confusion; and although the officers had succeeded in getting a rope to the shore, by which several of the people had landed, yet this was a slow and difficult operation at a time when each moment was precious; for night was drawing on, and the wreck was fast breaking to pieces. Sir Edward wanted to send a message to the officers, and offered rewards to pilots and others to carry it; but no one liked to venture to board the wreck; so he soon exclaimed, "Then I will go myself!" By means of the

rope he was hauled on board through the surf,—a very dangerous adventure; for the masts were in the way, having fallen towards the shore, and he was hurt on the back by being dragged under the main-mast; but although the wound was bad enough to confine him to his bed for a week afterwards, he disregarded it at the time, and as soon as he got on board, declared who he was, and took upon himself the command. He assured the people that all would be saved, if they would quietly attend to his orders, promising to be the last to quit the wreck; and at the same time threatening to run any one through the body who might disobey him. His well-known name, with his calmness and firmness, united in giving hope and confidence to the despairing crowd, who received him with three cheers, which were heartily returned by the thousands that stood upon the shore. Meanwhile, assistance was brought from Pellew's own ship, and from a merchant-vessel; so that the ends of two additional ropes were got on shore, and then cradles were contrived to be slung upon them, with travelling-ropes to pass forward and backward between the ships and the beach. Each rope was held on shore by men, who watched the rolling of the wreck in the waves, and kept the ropes tight and steady. With much difficulty, one or two small boats were worked near enough to the remains of the Dutton to receive the more helpless of the passengers. Sir Edward, with his sword drawn, directed the proceedings, and kept order—no easy task, since some of the soldiers had got at the spirits before he came on board, and many were drunk, even at that awful time, when every fresh wave was threatening them all with instant death. The children, the sick, and the women, were landed first; and nothing more impressed Sir Edward than the struggle of feeling which took place in the case of one woman, the mother of a child only three weeks old, before she would trust her infant to his care; nor did any thing give him more pleasure than the success of his attempt to save it. The soldiers were next got on shore, then the ship's company, and lastly the hero himself, to whom, under Providence, they all owed their safety; and presently after this daring and noble action had been completed, the wreck went to pieces.

On this occasion the freedom of the town of Plymouth was voted to him by the corporation—the merchants of Liverpool presented him with a valuable service of plate—and in the following March he was created a baronet,\* and received an honourable addition to his family arms; namely, a civic wreath,† a stranded ship for

\* It is almost needless to state, that a knight and baronet are both alike entitled to the "Sir" prefixed to their names; but differ in this, that the knight bears the title for his life only, while it goes to the baronet's eldest son.

† A civic wreath was a crown formed of oak-leaves, and bestowed by the general upon any Roman soldier that had saved the life of a citizen.

a crest, and a motto\* signifying a wish, that, God assisting him, fortune might follow him in his undertakings,—which modest motto he chose rather than one that was proposed in terms more flattering to himself. It was in the same year (1796), that a beautiful French frigate, the *Virginie*, was taken by the *Indefatigable*, after a very brave and skilful resistance. Bergeret, the French captain, was much affected at his misfortune, and wept bitterly, when a boat was sent to bring him, as a prisoner, on board of the *Indefatigable*. He wished to know to whom he had struck his colours; and upon being told that it was to Sir Edward Pellew: “Oh,” said he, “that is the most fortunate man that ever lived! He takes every thing, and now he has taken the finest frigate in France.” Bergeret was for some time the guest of Sir Edward and his family, and was afterwards offered in exchange for Sir Sydney Smith, then a prisoner; but this matter was not arranged; and two years later, when Sir Sydney Smith escaped, the British government most honourably set Bergeret at liberty also. Such noble and generous actions, whether performed by our own countrymen or our enemies, deserve always to be mentioned with respect, and dwelt upon with delight. War is bad enough at the very best; but what would it be, were there no lofty feelings of honour, no tender efforts of humanity, no Christian love of our fellow-creatures, mingled with it, to throw a gleam of light across the darkness of its general aspect, and soften the harshness of its cruel character?

The next service in which Sir Edward was employed, was to protect from invasion the coasts of an important part of the British dominions. In Ireland discontent prevailed among the Roman Catholics very extensively; and, in fact, things were ripening towards the great rebellion of 1798, in which hundreds of protestants were basely murdered by their misguided neighbours and fellow-countrymen. France, taking advantage of the state of Ireland, had resolved upon sending a large fleet to land an army in that country, hoping for the assistance of multitudes of the people, and looking forward to the prospect of gaining a valuable province, as well as of causing terror and confusion among the English nation. It was in checking and opposing these endeavours that Pellew was employed in the latter part of 1796.

Sir Edward was stationed off Brest to watch the French fleet; but, though closely watched, it contrived to escape all hindrance, and to make its way successfully to the shores of Ireland, where, instead of landing the troops, and taking possession of the country, the weather was so bad, that some of the ships were lost, and the rest, unable to cast anchor or to land the soldiers, were forced to return again, having met with every kind of disappointment at the very time when certainty of success appeared to be beginning

\* The motto was, as usual, in Latin; “*Deo adjuvante fortuna sequatur.*”



to smile upon them. This is not the first time that God has preserved our coasts from a foreign enemy, without allowing man's arm to be employed in bringing about the deliverance. In 1588 the great fleet, which was to have destroyed the power and the Church of England, was in like manner dispersed and scattered by the winds and the waves; and now, the Spanish Armada, which might have been our ruin, is thought of only with feelings of joy and thankfulness. Upon the return of the French fleet from Ireland, Sir Edward's ship had an engagement with a vessel belonging to the enemy; and though no victory was gained, and both ships were much disabled, yet the English succeeded in saving theirs, while the French vessel became a mere wreck, and most of those on board perished miserably.

The next year brought with it a far greater trial for the English nation than the attempted invasion of Ireland; for the danger that threatened them was not only upon their shores, but from their own people,—from the very men to whom they looked for defence. In 1797 the mutiny of the fleet at the mouth of the Thames, called the Mutiny at the Nore, took place; and, at such a time of peril, the abilities and power of a man like Pellew were sure to make themselves conspicuous. He could combine firmness and kindness, prudence and courage, in no common way; and, besides this, his quickness was astonishing. Nothing like doubtfulness was ever seen in him. "His first order," said an officer who long served with him, "was always his last;" and he has often said of himself, that he never had a second thought worth sixpence. In the mouths of most men this would be an absurd boast; but it is an important declaration from one whose whole life was a course of success without failure. While the mutiny was raging at the Nore, the French were getting ready still larger forces for the attack upon Ireland; but this scheme gave their enemies little trouble—for those that had planned it being displaced from power, their successors thought that nothing was better than to overturn what they found prepared; so the sailors were discharged, the fleet dismantled, nay, some of the ships were sold; and the mighty affair ended in nothing. During this one year Sir Edward's squadron took no fewer than fifteen cruising-vessels, on board of one of which they found twenty-five priests, who had been condemned for their principles by the French revolutionary government to perish in the unhealthy colony of Cayenne. Sir Edward restored these poor men to liberty and comfort, setting them on shore in England, and giving them a supply for their present wants. Among the other prisoners were the wife and family of a banished gentleman (Monsieur Rovère), who had been allowed to join him, and were going out with all they had, amounting to 3000*l.*; the *whole of which* Sir Edward restored to the lady, paying from his own purse that part of it which was the prize of his crew.

About this time Captain Pellew exchanged the *Indefatigable*, which he had so long commanded, for another vessel; and going on board of his new ship for the first time, he was met by the boatswain, who said, "I am very glad, sir, that you are come to us; for you are just the captain we want. You have the finest ship in the navy, and a crew of smart sailors; but a set of the greatest scoundrels that ever went to sea." He checked him on the spot; and afterwards sent for him to the cabin, wishing to know what he meant by thus addressing him. The boatswain had served under him before, and pleaded old recollections in excuse; but after receiving the reproof which Sir Edward thought it needful publicly to give him, he informed his captain that the crew were all but in a state of mutiny, and that for months past he had slept with pistols under his head. A spirit of mutiny was at this time extremely common; and government seemed more inclined to dally with it than to put it boldly down, and then make a fair and searching inquiry into any grievances stated to exist. This would have been the wisest mode of proceeding, and it was this that Sir Edward advised. His plan was, that a ship should be manned with officers and with sailors that could be fully trusted—which should be ready to attack the next vessel that mutinied, and, if necessary, sink her in the face of the fleet. The mere display of such a resolution would most likely have spared the necessity of firing a single shot; for lives are commonly sacrificed only when a mistaken humanity shrinks from duty till the proper time for action has gone by. Twice did Sir Edward, by his prompt and firm conduct, stop the spirit of mutiny on board of his own ships. He was informed of the intention of his men in the *Indefatigable* to rebel; and when he saw them inclined to act upon this intention, he instantly drew his sword, ordering his officers to follow his example: "You can never die so well," he said, "as on your own deck, quelling a mutiny; and now, if a man hesitate to obey you, cut him down without a word." The crew soon returned to their duty. And afterwards, the words of the honest boatswain turned out to be too true; and that vessel was chosen to take the lead in a proposed mutiny. Sir Edward was in his cabin dressing, before he went out to dinner, when the bad spirit broke forth; and, coming on deck in his dressing-gown, he found between two and three hundred unruly fellows there. They wanted a boat to send a letter to the admiral, complaining of tyranny and hard usage: in vain was it that the captain offered to send it, or take it himself; they all cried out, "No, no; a boat of our own!" Finding that he could not pacify them, and hearing some of them declare with oaths that they *would* have a boat, and would take one, he quietly replied, "You will, will you?" ordered the marines out, and sprang to his cabin for his sword. Returning instantly, he resolved to put to death one or more of the ringleaders

on the spot; but their evident wavering spared him the painful duty; and the mutiny was soon quelled, its chief leaders being secured, and their whole scheme brought to nothing. The same stern regard for duty—the same strict enforcement of obedience—were shown in several other acts of Sir Edward at this trying time; and the success of his conduct shows that his principle was a correct one; that timely firmness will quell almost any disturbance. All these outbreaks of mischief resemble the evil power from which they proceed;—give way to them, and they will soon conquer you; whereas, if you “resist them,” they will “flee from you.”

Nothing of any very great importance took place in the life of Sir Edward Pellew until the short peace in 1802; during which interval of rest he resided near Falmouth, and became member of parliament for Barnstaple. It was *merit*, and not *friends*, that had raised him to the rank he now held; and many years afterwards, when he had reached a yet higher rank, he made the following remarks, on returning thanks for his health having been drunk,—remarks which may encourage merit and perseverance, however humble may be their beginnings, when they recollect that he who made them began life a poor, friendless orphan, and finished it as Lord Viscount Exmouth. Referring to his own history, on the occasion just mentioned, he brought it forward in proof of the fact, that no officer, however unsupported by influence, need despair of receiving his due reward from the justice and gratitude of his country. “I have never known,” added he, “what fortune meant. I never chose my station, and never had a friend but the king’s pennant; but I have always gone where I was sent, and done what I was ordered: and he who will act upon the same principles, may do as I have done.”

The duties of a member of the House of Commons were far from being very agreeable or suitable to an active officer in the prime of life; and Sir Edward was not sorry to make his escape from them, by being appointed to a ship (the *Tonnant*), at the renewal of war in 1803. On being entrusted with this vessel, he gave a strong proof of his care for the improvement of the younger officers, by advertising for a superior schoolmaster for the *Tonnant*, and offering him 50*l.* per annum in addition to his pay; so that better instruction might be obtained for them than the regulations of the service would afford. No particular actions occurred during his command of the *Tonnant*; and early in 1804 Sir Edward was made Rear-admiral of the White, and appointed to be commander-in-chief in India.

During the four years in which he remained at this station,—where at first an unpleasant dispute arose between him and Sir Thomas Troubridge, in which both officers were equally *warm*, but Sir Edward had the *right* on his side,—he did a great deal for

the protection of the British commerce in those parts; but though he performed many *useful* actions, no very *brilliant* ones were achieved. It was stated many years afterwards in the House of Commons by an East India director, who had been in India during Sir Edward's command, that "such was the vigilance with which that officer had chased the enemy from our extensive shores, and so powerful the protection which he gave to our commerce in those seas, that property to the amount of millions had been saved, which otherwise would have fallen into the hands of the enemy." And a formal declaration to this effect was presented to Sir Edward Pellew by the merchants of Bombay, before he left India for England in 1808. During the voyage his fleet met with dreadful weather; and the admiral's ship, the *Culloden*, was in the greatest danger. For three days no provisions could be cooked; and the crew lived chiefly upon dry rice, with a dram every four hours. The admiral was almost always on deck; and being advised to ease the ship by throwing some of the guns overboard, he replied: "I do not think it necessary; she will do very well: and what would become of the convoy\* if we meet an enemy?" He was right: four of the convoy were indeed lost, and the rest was scattered; but they got together again, and at length reached England in safety.

The next station of Sir Edward was in the North Sea, where he continued only for a year, being removed in 1811 to the Mediterranean, in which sea he remained until the peace of 1814 put an end to one of the longest, most expensive, and most dreadful wars in which England was ever engaged,—a war, at the same time, as glorious and as necessary as was ever undertaken and completed by this or any other nation. During the three years of Sir Edward's being stationed in the Mediterranean Sea, his wish to command in a general action was never gratified; and although the service that he did was important, it was not of that nature which could add to his well-earned honours and reputation. The honest independence of an English sailor is well set forth in some of his letters written about this period; in one of which he says, speaking of the ministry, and his hopes of attention or promotion from them: "I care not who comes in, or who goes out; and if they send me on shore, well; and if not, it is the same." Again, in the commencement of 1812, he writes thus: "I never expect to live the war through, and am not at all anxious about it, if I can only have the happiness of doing service to the country. I would give a great deal to be ten years younger; but as that cannot be, I must content myself with the reflection that my children are good, and provided for; and that I leave them attached to their mother and to each other. We have all reason to be thankful,

\* Convoy—a ship or ships of war, which go along with merchants' ships to defend them from enemies.—*Bailey's Dictionary*.

and to praise God for His great and manifold mercies. We are ready to start at a moment's notice, and have a strict look-out. The enemy are also ready—sixteen sail. God bless you and yours; and may He enable me to do honour to my country and my family—for myself I care not." His greatest action was yet unfought; but he had no notion of the enemies he was to conquer, or the victory he was to win, at a time when a general peace appeared to put away every hope of adding to the naval glory which he had already acquired.

At the close of the war in 1814, when several leading generals were raised to the peerage, it was thought proper to confer a like honour upon some naval officer; and the person selected for this purpose was Sir Edward Pellew, who was made Baron Exmouth of Canonteign (an estate in Devonshire, which he had purchased), and on whom was settled the pension usual to those to whom a peerage is granted for great public services. It was a newspaper that brought him the first account of his advancement in rank, which caused him to be greatly surprised; but he writes, soon after he had received the flattering news, "For the sake of our family, I hope it will be useful and respectable; for myself, I am indifferent, and know it will only tend to multiply my enemies and increase my difficulties." During the same year, 1814, the officers of the Mediterranean fleet presented their commander, "as a mark of their respect and esteem," with a beautiful vase, which cost 580 guineas; and, having left the fleet, he returned to England. But, however, he was soon recalled again, in consequence of the escape of Buonaparte from the Isle of Elba, and the renewal of war. By the English fleet under Lord Exmouth's command, the city of Naples was saved from plunder, and that of Marseilles from destruction; and for these actions our noble hero received high honours from Ferdinand king of Naples, and a large and beautiful piece of plate from the people of Marseilles. The fate of Napoleon was soon decided by Providence; and the battle of Waterloo, in which Great Britain and Wellington were the leading powers, hurled for ever to the ground the name and empire of that man, to gratify whose personal ambition many hundreds of thousands of human beings had perished in the prime of life on the field of battle. When the power of Napoleon fell, a hateful military despotism was destroyed; and the so-called *friends of liberty* in this country must have been very much at a loss for an idol, when they set up, for an object of their veneration and compassion, so thorough an enemy to *real liberty* as was Napoleon Buonaparte!

The great and crowning exploit of Lord Exmouth's life was performed in the following year, 1816; and no service could have been chosen in which his courage and abilities could have been more honourably or more usefully displayed.

But before I proceed to give an account of the conquest of Algiers, it may be well to state briefly the character of the inhabitants of that place, and the causes that led to its attack. The situation of Algiers on the coast of Africa, at no very great distance from the entrance to the Mediterranean Sea by the Straits of Gibraltar, is extremely favourable for the mode of life which its natives have followed for some hundreds of years, during the whole of which time they have made themselves notorious and dreaded by their acts of piracy. Of these robbers on the high seas, it might have been most truly said, that "their hand was against every man's, and every man's hand against them;" and (being Mahometans) the cruelties which they inflicted upon Christians, the hindrance which they offered to commerce, and the number of Christian slaves which they had, combined to render the state of Algiers a nuisance and a disgrace to all the neighbouring nations, or at least to those in Europe. To show the state of barbarity and cruelty which prevailed in this wretched place, it may be observed, that, in one case, out of 300 prisoners, or slaves, 50 had died of ill-treatment on the first day of their arrival, and 70 during the first fortnight; while the rest were kept in the most miserable condition, being allowed only a pound of bread a day, and subject to the lash from morning to night. Neither age nor sex were spared by these brutes in human form. Shortly after the year 1830, when Algiers, having recovered from the blow given it by Exmouth, had returned to its old cruelties, so as to provoke France to invade and conquer the whole country, the writer of this well remembers to have met with a poor man, an Englishman, who had been in slavery there, and had been set at liberty by the French. He stated that he had seen almost all his companions in distress wantonly maimed and afterwards killed by their inhuman masters at Algiers, who, when at a loss for amusement, would send for one of the slaves, and occupy their time by inventing some misery for him. The poor man who told this piteous tale had not escaped. One day he was sent for, and each of his great toes was cut off in the most clumsy and cruel manner for the sport of his masters; so that, although he had been some time in a hospital in France, he was quite unable to walk with any degree of comfort.

It was to chastise the insolence of this brutish nation, and to demand that Christian slavery should be put an end to, that Lord Exmouth left Portsmouth on the 25th July, 1816.

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## CHAP. II.

## THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS.

THE town of Algiers is built on the declivity of a hill fronting to the eastward. It is of a triangular form, having for its base the sea-front, which is about a mile in length, and rises directly from the water. It is strongly fortified on the land side, and the sea defences are most formidable, as well from the great thickness of the walls, as the number of heavy guns.

The harbour is artificial. A broad straight pier, three hundred yards in length, and upon which the storehouses were built, projects from a point about a quarter of a mile from the north extremity of the town. A mole is carried from the end of this pier, which bends in a south-westerly direction towards the town, forming nearly a quarter of a circle. Opposite the mole-head is a small insulated pier, which leaves the entrance to the harbour about a hundred and twenty yards wide. The rock upon which the mole is built extends about two hundred yards to the N. E. beyond the angle at which the pier joins it. The shores recede considerably from the base of the pier, forming a small bay on either side of it.

All the works around the harbour were covered with the strongest fortifications. Immediately beyond the pier-head stood the Light-house battery, a large circular fort, mounting between sixty and seventy guns, in three tiers. At the extremity of the point of rock beyond the light-house was a very heavy battery, of two tiers, mounting thirty guns and seven mortars in the upper. The mole itself was filled with cannon, like the side of a line-of-battle ship, mostly disposed in a double tier, with ports below, and embrasures above; but the eastern batteries, next the light-house, had an inner fortification, with a third tier of guns, making sixty-six in these batteries alone. All these batteries had together above two hundred and twenty guns, eighteen, twenty-four, and thirty-two pounders; besides two, at least sixty-eight pounders, and upwards of twenty feet long. On the sea-wall of the town were nine batteries; two at the southern extremity; then the Fish-market battery in three tiers, bearing three hundred yards west of the molehead; three between the Fish-market and the gate leading to the mole; one over this gate; and two on the wall beyond it. Along the shore, within twelve hundred yards south of the town, were three batteries, and a very heavy fort. Another large fort, and six batteries, commanded the bay to the N.W. Many guns in other parts of the fortifications of the town, and in forts and batteries on the hills around it, were in situations which

enabled them to fire upon ships. Altogether, the approaches by sea were defended by scarcely less than five hundred guns.

The Admiralty were greatly surprised when Lord Exmouth proposed to attack these works with five sail of the line. Many naval officers who were consulted by the Board considered them unassailable. Nelson, in a conversation with Captain Brisbane, had named twenty-five line-of-battle ships as the force which would be required to attack them. The opinion was not founded upon his own observation, and he was evidently misled by the errors in the received plans; for that number of ships could not have been placed before the town; but it marks his sense of the great danger in attacking powerful batteries with ships, and of the tremendous strength of Algiers. Lord Exmouth was offered any force he required, but he adhered to his first demand; for he had satisfied himself that five ships could destroy the fortifications on the mole as effectually as a greater number, and with far more safety to themselves. After he had fully explained his plans, and marked the position which every ship was to occupy, the Admiralty allowed him to act upon his own judgment; though they found it not easy to believe that the force was equal to the service; nor were persons wanting to remark that he had at length involved himself in a difficulty, from which he would not escape with credit. His own confidence never wavered. "All will go well," he wrote, "as far at least as it depends on me." As he was going down Channel, he said to his brother, who accompanied him as far as Falmouth, "if they open their fire when the ships are coming up, and cripple them in the masts, the difficulty and loss will be greater; but if they allow us to take our stations, I am sure of them; for I know that nothing can resist a line-of-battle ship's fire." He wrote to the Admiralty before he left England, declaring himself fully satisfied with all the arrangements, and taking on himself the responsibility of the result.

He was scarcely appointed, when officers came forward in crowds to offer their services. On the 29th of June, only six days after he arrived in the Channel, he writes—"Government has taken a very proper view of the subject, and has determined to send out a proper force. I immediately said it was my duty to finish that which I had begun, and that I should cheerfully go. My offer is accepted, and I embark in the *Queen Charlotte*, with the *Impregnable*, and others. The only delay will be want of men; but I hope they will be induced to volunteer for the service by the offers made that they shall be rewarded after it." On the 4th of July, he says, "I have refused Israel, Pownall, Fleetwood, Harward, and both Admiral and Captain Halsted, volunteers. Even Lord Spencer brought his son, and a hundred others."

With very few exceptions, the officers were selected by the Admiralty. It was understood that Sir Charles Penrose would



be the second in command, his appointment at that time as commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean entitling him to the preference. He was very highly valued by Lord Exmouth, under whom he had served with the *Cleopatra* in the western squadron. It was intended that despatches should be sent in time to enable him to join the expedition; but greatly to the disappointment of both officers, the information was received too late.

Lord Exmouth persisted in refusing all his relations. The motive of duty, which was imperative on himself, applied to none of them; and all were anxious to go. For himself, he might well trust that the Providence which had shielded him forty years, for so long was it since he had fought the *Carleton* on Lake Champlain, would guard him in the approaching battle; or, if he were destined to fall in what might truly be deemed a holy war, he had a better confidence than the pride of a hero, or even the self-devotedness of a patriot. Before he sailed, he made every arrangement which his death would render necessary; and among others, wrote a letter for his eldest son, chiefly on the subject of the duties which would devolve upon him as a British nobleman, and which he designed for his last injunctions. The existence of this letter was not known until some time after his death, when it was found among his papers.

The Admiralty would not send back the squadron which had just returned from the Mediterranean, probably thinking it right that ships going expressly to fight a severe battle, should be manned with volunteers. This decision greatly increased his difficulties. Naval officers seldom think a ship effective until she has been some time in commission. Within two months, Lord Exmouth commissioned, fitted, and manned a fleet, and fought the battle.

As soon as he had completed his first arrangements at the Admiralty, he hastened to Portsmouth, where the *Boyne*, his flag-ship, was lying with her consorts. He went on board as soon as he arrived, and there was not a little excitement when the Admiral was seen coming alongside at a very early hour in the morning. He mustered the ship's company on deck, and having read to them the Admiralty letter, invited them to join him; but at that time scarcely a man came forward. They were unwilling to enter for a new service until they had enjoyed some liberty on shore; but after they had been paid off, and spent their money, numbers of them volunteered, and many more would probably have done so, but for the very short time in which the crews were completed. No difficulty was experienced in manning the fleet. The whole ship's company of the *Leander*, then on the point of sailing as the flag-ship on the North American station, volunteered to go, and accordingly her destination was changed for the time. Rear-Admiral Milne, for whom she had been fitted,

obtained permission to go out with her : and as Sir Charles Penrose did not join at Gibraltar, he hoisted his flag in the *Impregnable*, as second in command. Among other volunteers, were a number of smugglers, who had been taken on the western coast, and sentenced to five years' service in the navy. They were sent to the eastward as prisoners, in a cutter, in which Mr. Pellew had taken a passage, to make a parting visit to his brother, and they implored his intercession on their behalf. He advised them to enter for the *Queen Charlotte*, and gain a title to the indulgence they sought, by their good conduct in the battle. They all did so ; no serious casualty occurred among them ; and they behaved so well, that Lord Exmouth applied to the Admiralty, and obtained their discharge.

Lord Exmouth's marine officer in the *Arethusa*, the late Sir Richard Williams, then commanded the marine artillery, and Lord Exmouth wrote to request that he would aid him to the best of his abilities, by selecting officers and men from his corps. Sir Richard displayed on this occasion all the activity and judgment to be expected from his character, and Lord Exmouth acknowledged his services after the glorious result of the expedition, in the following words :—" I should be very ungrateful, my dear friend, if I neglected to thank you for the care and pains you took in selecting, for the service I was ordered upon, the best officers and men I ever saw during my service. I assure you that all the officers did you full justice ; they not only knew their duty well, but they performed it well."

In addition to the five line-of-battle ships, two of which were three-deckers, the force included three heavy frigates, and two smaller ones ; four bomb-vessels, and five gun-brigs. Four of the line-of-battle ships were to destroy the fortifications on the mole, while the fifth covered them from the batteries south of the town ; and the heavy frigates, from those on the town wall. The bomb vessels were to fire on the arsenal and town, assisted by a flotilla of the ships' launches, &c. fitted as gun, rocket, and mortar-boats. The smaller frigates, and the brigs, were to assist as circumstances might require.

The fleet left Portsmouth on the 25th of July. On the 28th it sailed from Plymouth Sound, and the same afternoon was off Falmouth. Twenty-three years before, Lord Exmouth had gone from the house of his brother, who now took leave of him, and sailed to fight the first battle of the war, from the port whence he was proceeding on the service which was to close and crown it. From this place, the *Minden*, 74, was sent on to Gibraltar, that the necessary supplies might be ready when the fleet arrived. Through all the passage, the utmost care was taken to train the crews. Every day, Sunday excepted, they were exercised at the guns ; and on Tuesdays and Fridays the fleet cleared for action,

when each ship fired six broadsides. On board the *Queen Charlotte*, a twelve-pounder was secured at the after part of the quarter-deck, with which the first and second captains of the guns practised daily at a small target, hung at the fore-topmast studding-sail boom. The target was a frame of laths, three feet square, crossed with rope-yarns so close, that a twelve-pound shot could not go through without cutting one, and with a piece of wood, the size and shape of a bottle, for a bull's-eye. After a few days' practice, the target was never missed, and, on an average, ten or twelve bottles were hit every day. Thus kept in constant preparation for the battle, and daily gaining new confidence in themselves, the crews were in the highest degree elated. Officers and men felt that they were going to an assured victory, and that to obtain complete success, the plans of their chief required only the exertions which every one resolved to make. As a consequence of this enthusiasm, which never had a check, for the excitement of preparation was followed by the flush of victory, their health and vigour were beyond all parallel. Scarcely a man came on the sick list; and when the *Queen Charlotte* was paid off on her return, only one had died, except from the casualties of battle, out of nearly a thousand who had joined her more than three months before.

On the 9th of August, the fleet reached Gibraltar, where the *Minden* had arrived only the preceding night. Here they found a Dutch squadron of five frigates and a corvette, commanded by Vice-Admiral the Baron Von de Capellan, who, on learning the object of the expedition, solicited and obtained leave to cooperate. The ships, having completed their ordnance stores and provisions, were ready to sail on the 12th; but a strong easterly wind prevented them from moving for two days. On the 13th, every ship received a plan of the fortifications, with full instructions respecting the position she was to occupy. A general order to this effect had been issued on the 6th, but the cooperation of the Dutch squadron had made some change in the arrangements necessary. To this squadron was assigned the duty of attacking the fort and batteries south of the town, a service previously intended for the *Minden* and *Hebrus*, which were now to take a position among their consorts in front of the mole.

The fleet sailed next day, and on the 16th was within two hundred miles of its destination, when the wind again shifted to the eastward. That evening, the ship-sloop *Prometheus*, Captain Dashwood, joined direct from Algiers, with information that the Algerines were making every preparation to meet the attack. All the former defences had been made completely effective, and new works had been added; forty thousand troops had been assembled; all the Janizaries called in from distant garrisons; and the whole naval force of the regency, four frigates, five large

corvettes, and thirty-seven gun-boats, were collected in the harbour. The *Prometheus* brought the wife, daughter, and infant child of Mr. M'Donell, the British Consul. The two former had succeeded in getting off, disguised as midshipmen; but the infant, which had been carefully concealed in a basket, after a composing medicine had been given to it by the surgeon of the *Prometheus*, awoke, and cried as it was passing the gateway, and thus led to the arrest of all the party then on shore. The child was sent off next morning by the Dey, and, "as a solitary instance of his humanity," said Lord Exmouth, "it ought to be recorded by me;" but the consul was confined in irons at his house, and the surgeon, three midshipmen, and fourteen seamen, of the *Prometheus*, were detained as prisoners; nor could the most urgent remonstrances of Captain Dashwood induce the Dey to release them.

The fleet continued beating against a head wind until midnight on the 24th, when the wind shifted to south-west. On Monday the 26th, at noon, they made Cape Cazzina, the northern point of the bay of Algiers, and about twenty miles from the town. Next morning at daybreak, Algiers itself was in sight. As the ships lay nearly becalmed, Lord Exmouth sent away Lieutenant Burgess in one of the Queen Charlotte's boats, under a flag of truce, with the terms dictated by the Prince Regent, and a demand for the immediate liberation of the consul, and the people of the *Prometheus*. The *Severn* was directed to tow the boat, but as she made very little way, the boat was ordered by signal to cast off, and proceed alone to the shore. At eleven o'clock she was met outside the mole by the captain of the port, who received the communication, and promised an answer in two hours. In the mean time, a breeze springing up from the sea, the fleet stood into the bay, and lay to about a mile from the town.

At two o'clock the boat was seen returning, with the signal that no answer had been given. The Queen Charlotte immediately telegraphed to the fleet, "Are you ready?" Immediately the affirmative was displayed from every ship, and all bore up to their appointed stations.

The Queen Charlotte led to the attack. It was Lord Exmouth's intention not to reply to the enemy's fire in bearing down, unless it should become galling. In that case, the middle and main-deck guns, thirty long 24-pounders, were to have opened; keeping the upper deck for shortening sail, and the lower for working the cables. The guns on these decks were not primed until the ship had anchored. But the Algerines reserved their fire, confident in the strength of their defences, and expecting to carry the flag-ship by boarding her from the gun-boats, which were all filled with men. Steered by the master of the fleet, Mr. Gaze, who had sailed with Lord Exmouth in every ship he commanded

from the beginning of the war, the Queen Charlotte proceeded silently to her position. At half-past two, she anchored by the stern, just half a cable's length from the mole-head, and was lashed by a hawser to the mainmast of an Algerine brig, which lay at the entrance of the harbour. Her starboard broadside flanked all the batteries from the mole-head to the Light-house. The mole was crowded with troops, many of whom got upon the parapet to look at the ship; and Lord Exmouth, observing them as he stood upon the poop, waved to them to move away. As soon as the ship was fairly placed, and her cables stoppered, the crew gave three hearty cheers, such as Englishmen only can give. Scarcely had the sound of the last died away, when a gun was fired from the upper tier of the eastern battery; and a second, and a third followed in quick succession. One of the shots struck the *Superb*. At the first flash, Lord Exmouth gave the order, "Stand by!" at the second, "Fire!" The report of the third gun was drowned in the thunder of the Queen Charlotte's broadside.

The enemy now opened from all their batteries, the Queen Charlotte and *Leander* being the only ships which had yet reached their stations. Preparations had been previously made in all, to avoid the necessity of exposing the men aloft when shortening sail. Following the flag-ship, the *Superb* anchored about two hundred and fifty yards astern of her, and the *Minden* at about her own length from the *Superb*. The *Albion* came to astern of the *Minden*, which passed her stream cable out of the larboard gun-room port to the *Albion's* bow, and brought the two ships together. The *Impregnable* was anchored astern of the *Albion*.

The large frigates, and the Dutch squadron, particularly the *Melampus*, their flag-ship, went into action under a very heavy fire, and with a gallantry that never was surpassed. The *Leander* had placed herself on the Queen Charlotte's larboard bow, at the entrance of the harbour; her starboard broadside bearing upon the Algerine gun-boats with the after guns, and upon the Fishmarket battery with the others. The *Severn* lay a-head of the *Leander*, with all her starboard broadside bearing upon the Fishmarket battery. Beyond her, the *Glasgow* fired upon the town batteries with her larboard guns. The Dutch squadron took the assigned position, before the works to the southward of the town. It was their Admiral's intention to place the *Melampus* in the centre; but his second a-head, the *Diana*, having anchored too far to the southward to allow this, he pushed the *Melampus* past her, and anchored close astern of the *Glasgow*.

The two smaller frigates, the *Hebrus*, and *Granicus*, were left to take part in the battle wherever they might find an opening. Eager to gain a position in the line, the *Hebrus* pressed forward to place herself next the flag-ship, till, becalmed by the cannonade,

she was obliged to anchor on the Queen Charlotte's larboard quarter. Captain Wise, of the *Granicus*, waited until all the ships had taken their stations. Then, setting topgallantsails and courses, he steered for where Lord Exmouth's flag was seen towering above the smoke; and with a seamanship equalled only by his intrepidity, anchored in the open space between the Queen Charlotte and *Superb*; thus, with a small-class frigate, taking a position, of which, said Lord Exmouth, a three-decker might be justly proud.

Eastward of the Light-house, at the distance of two thousand yards, were placed the bomb-vessels; whose shells were thrown with admirable precision by the Marine Artillery. The smaller vessels, except the *Mutine*, which anchored, continued under sail, firing occasionally wherever they saw opportunity. The flotilla of gun, rocket, and mortar boats, directed by Captain Michell, were distributed at the openings between the line-of-battle ships, and the entrance to the mole.

Thus the ships commanded the strongest of the enemy's defences, while they were exposed to the weakest part of his fire. The officers and men felt new confidence when they saw the power derived from the admirable disposition of their force. All behaved most nobly; and it was not long before the state of the Algerine batteries gave proof that their courage was fully equalled by their skill.

In a few minutes, indeed before the battle had become general, the Queen Charlotte had ruined the fortifications on the mole-head. She then sprang her broadside towards the northward, to bear upon the batteries over the gate which leads to the mole, and upon the upper works of the Light-house. Her shot struck with the most fatal accuracy, crumbling the tower of the Light-house to ruins, and bringing down gun after gun from the batteries. The last of these guns was dismounted just as the artillerymen were in the act of discharging it; when an Algerine chief was seen to spring upon the ruins of the parapet, and with impotent rage, to shake his scimitar against the ship. Her men proved themselves as expert amidst the realities of war, as they had before shown themselves in exercise; and some of them were detected amusing themselves, in the wantonness of their skill, by firing at the Algerine flag-staffs.

Soon after the battle began, the enemy's flotilla of gun-boats advanced, with a daring which deserved a better fate, to board the Queen Charlotte and *Leander*. The smoke covered them at first, but as soon as they were seen, a few guns, chiefly from the *Leander*, sent thirty-three out of thirty-seven to the bottom.

At four o'clock, when a general and heavy fire had been maintained for more than an hour without producing any appearance of submission, Lord Exmouth determined to destroy the Algerine

ships. Accordingly, the *Leander* having first been ordered to cease firing, the flag-ship's barge, directed by Lieutenant Peter Richards, with Major Gossett, of the miners, Lieutenant Wolrige, of the marines, and Mr. M'Clintock, a midshipman, boarded the nearest frigate, and fired her so effectually with the laboratory torches, and a carcass-shell placed on the main deck, that she was completely in flames almost before the barge's crew were over her side. The crew of a rocket-boat belonging to the *Hebrus* were prompted by a natural, but unfortunate ardour, to follow the barge, though forbidden; but the boat pulling heavily, she became exposed to a fire of musquetry, which killed an officer and three men, and wounded several others. Lord Exmouth stood watching the barge from the gangway, delighted with the gallantry and promptitude with which his orders were executed. When the frigate burst into a flame, he telegraphed to the fleet the animating signal, "Infallible!" and as the barge was returning, he ordered those around him to welcome her alongside with three cheers.

It was hoped that the flames would communicate from this frigate to the rest of the Algerine shipping; but she burnt from her moorings, and passing clear of her consorts, drifted along the broadsides of the *Queen Charlotte* and *Leander*, and grounded a-head of the latter, under the wall of the town. The gun-boats, and the *Queen Charlotte's* launch, then opened with carcass-shells upon the largest frigate, which was moored in the centre of the other ships, too far within the mole to be attempted safely by boarding. They soon set her on fire, and notwithstanding the exertions of the Algerines, she was completely in flames by six o'clock. From her the fire communicated, first to all the other vessels in the port, except a brig, and a schooner, moored in the upper part of it; and afterwards to the store-houses and arsenal. At a little past seven, she came drifting out of the harbour, and passed so close to the flag-ship, as nearly to involve her in the same destruction.

About sunset, a message was received from Rear-Admiral Milne, requesting that a frigate might be sent to divert from the *Impregnable* some of the fire under which she was suffering. She had anchored more to the northward than was intended, and consequently became exposed to the heavy battery on the point of rock beyond the lighthouse, and which was covered from the fire of the rest of the fleet. The *Glasgow* weighed immediately, but the wind had been driven away by the cannonade, and she was only able, after three-quarters of an hour's exertion, to reach a new position between the *Severn* and *Leander*; a better for annoying the enemy, but where she was herself more exposed, and suffered in proportion. As it was found impossible to assist the *Impregnable*, Lord Exmouth sent on board Mr. Triscott, one

of his aides-de-camp, with permission to haul off. The Impregnable was then dreadfully cut up; 150 men had been already killed and wounded, a full third of them by an explosion, and the shot were still coming in fast; but her brave crew, guided and encouraged by the Rear-Admiral and Captain Brace, two of the most distinguished and successful officers in the service, would not allow her to go thus out of battle; and she kept her station, maintaining an animated fire to the last. To relieve her in some degree, an ordnance sloop, which had been fitted at Gibraltar as an explosion vessel, with 143 barrels of powder, was placed at the disposal of the Rear-Admiral. She had been intended for the destruction of the Algerine fleet; but this service had already been effected by other means. Conducted by Lieutenant Fleming, who had been commanding a gun-boat near the Queen Charlotte, with Major Reed, of the engineers, and Captain Herbert Powell, a volunteer on board the Impregnable, the explosion-vessel was run on shore under the battery which had annoyed her; where, at nine o'clock, she blew up.

The fleet slackened their fire towards night, as the guns of the enemy became silenced, and the ships began to feel the necessity for husbanding their ammunition. Their expenditure had been beyond all parallel. They fired nearly 118 tons of powder, and 50,000 shot, weighing more than 500 tons of iron; besides 960 thirteen and ten-inch shells thrown by the bomb-vessels, and the shells and rockets from the flotilla. Such a fire, close, concentrated, and well-directed as it was, nothing could resist; and the sea-defences of Algiers, with great part of the town itself, were shattered, and crumbled to ruins.

At a little before ten, the objects of the attack having been effected, the Queen Charlotte's bower cable was cut, and her head hauled round to seaward. She continued however to engage with all the guns abaft the mainmast, sometimes on both sides. Warps were run out to gain an offing, but many of them were cut by shot from the batteries southward of the town, which had been very partially engaged; and also from forts on the hills out of reach of the ships' guns. A very light air was felt about half-past ten, and sail was made; but the ship, after cutting from her remaining warps and anchors, was manageable only by the aid of her boats towing; and then the only point gained was keeping her head from the land. At eleven, she began to draw out from the batteries, and at twenty-five minutes past, she ceased to fire. The breeze freshened; and a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning came on, with torrents of rain; while the flaming ships and storehouses illuminated all the ruins, and increased the grandeur of the scene. In about three hours, the storm subsided; and as soon as the ship was made snug, Lord Exmouth assembled in his cabin all the wounded who could be moved with



safety, that they might unite with him and his officers in offering thanksgiving to God for their victory and preservation.

The two Admirals came on board the *Queen Charlotte* as soon as they could leave their ships, and spoke their feelings of admiration and gratitude to Lord Exmouth, with all the warmth of language and expression. The Dutch Admiral, who, with his squadron, had most nobly emulated the conduct of the British allies, declared himself in terms of the highest eulogy of the *Queen Charlotte*, which, he said, by her commanding position and the effect of her fire, had saved five hundred men to the fleet. Perhaps there was no exaggeration in the praise; for the destruction occasioned by her first broadside, as she lay flanking the mole, must have contributed much to protect the ships which had not yet reached their stations; and the havoc she inflicted by a cannonade of nine hours must have been great indeed, since her fire could destroy the fortifications on the mole-head in a few minutes.

In no former general action had the casualties been so great in proportion to the force employed. One hundred and twenty-eight were killed, and six hundred and ninety wounded, in the British ships; and thirteen killed, and fifty-two wounded, in the Dutch squadron. Yet, except the *Impregnable*, which had fifty men killed, no ship suffered so much as is usual in a severe engagement. Generally, in fleet actions, the brunt of the battle, and the chief amount of loss, fall upon a few; but here, every ship had her allotted duty, and was closely engaged throughout. After the *Impregnable*, the frigates suffered the most, particularly the *Granicus*, which took a line-of-battle ship's station; and the *Leander*, which was much cut up by the *Fishmarket*, and other batteries, and as late as seven o'clock was obliged to carry out a hawser to the *Severn*, to enable her to bear her broadside upon one which annoyed her. The loss in the other line-of-battle ships was remarkably small. They had together but twenty-six killed, including the casualties in their respective boats.

Lord Exmouth escaped most narrowly. He was struck in three places; and a cannon-shot tore away the skirts of his coat. A button was afterwards found in the signal locker; and the shot broke one of the glasses, and bulged the rim of the spectacles in his pocket. He gave the spectacles to his valued friend, the late gallant Sir Richard Keats; who caused their history to be engraved on them, and directed, that when he died, they should be restored to Lord Exmouth's family, to be kept as a memorial of his extraordinary preservation.

On the 28th, at daylight, Lieutenant Burgess was sent on shore with a flag of truce, and the demands of the preceding morning; the bomb-vessels at the same time resuming their positions. The captain of one of the destroyed frigates met the boat,

and declared that an answer had been sent on the day before, but that no boat was at hand to receive it. Shortly after, the captain of the port came off, accompanied by the Swedish consul, and informed Lord Exmouth that all his demands would be submitted to. On the morning of the 29th, the captain of the port came off again, being now accompanied by the British consul; upon which Captain Brisbane, of the flag-ship, went on shore, and had a conference with the Dey. Sir Charles Penrose, whom the Admiral had expected to the last, arrived this day in the *Ister* frigate, from Malta, where he had waited for his expected orders, until he heard that Lord Exmouth was in the Mediterranean. Lord Exmouth committed to him the management of the negotiations, the only compliment he could now offer. Where nothing remained but submission for the vanquished, the arrangements were soon concluded, and next day the final result was officially communicated to the fleet.

“ Queen Charlotte, Algiers Bay, August 30, 1816.

“ GENERAL MEMORANDUM.

“ The Commander-in-Chief is happy to inform the fleet of the final termination of their strenuous exertions, by the signature of peace, confirmed under a salute of twenty-one guns, on the following conditions, dictated by his Royal Highness the Prince Regent of England.

“ I. The abolition of Christian slavery for ever.

“ II. The delivery to my flag of all slaves in the dominions of the Dey, to whatever nation they may belong, at noon to-morrow.

“ III. To deliver also to my flag all money received by him for the redemption of slaves since the commencement of this year—at noon also to-morrow.

“ IV. Reparation has been made to the British consul for all losses he has sustained in consequence of his confinement.

“ V. The Dey has made a public apology, in presence of his ministers and officers, and begged pardon of the consul, in terms dictated by the captain of the Queen Charlotte.

“ The Commander-in-chief takes this opportunity of again returning his public thanks to the Admirals, Captains, Officers, Seamen, Marines, Royal Sappers and Miners, Royal Marine Artillery, and the Royal Rocket Corps, for the noble support he has received from them throughout the whole of this arduous service; and he is pleased to direct, that on Sunday next a public thanksgiving shall be offered up to Almighty God, for the signal interposition of his Divine Providence during the conflict which took place on the 27th, between his Majesty's fleet and the ferocious enemies of mankind.

"It is requested that this memorandum may be read to the ship's company.

"To the Admirals, Captains, Officers, Seamen, Marines, Royal Sappers and Miners, Royal Marine Artillery, and the Royal Rocket Corps."

Above twelve hundred slaves were embarked on the 31st, making, with those liberated a few weeks before, more than three thousand, whom, by address or force, Lord Exmouth had delivered from slavery. Having sent them to their respective countries, and leaving a ship to receive a few who had yet to come up from the interior, he sailed on the 3d of September for England. On the 8th, when on his way to Gibraltar, he wrote an account of the battle to his brother, to whom he had previously sent a very laconic communication, stating merely the result.

"It has pleased God to give me again the opportunity of writing you, and it has also pleased Him to give success to our efforts against these hordes of barbarians. I never, however, saw any set of men more obstinate at their guns, and it was superior fire only that could keep them back. To be sure, nothing could stand before the Queen Charlotte's broadside. Every thing fell before it; and the Swedish consul assures me we killed above five hundred at the very first fire, from the crowded way in which troops were drawn up, four deep above the gun-boats, which were also full of men. I had myself beckoned to many around the guns close to us to move away, previous to giving the order to fire; and I believe they are within bounds, when they state their loss at seven thousand men. Our old friend John Gaze was as steady as a rock; and it was a glorious sight to see the Charlotte take her anchorage, and to see her flag towering on high, when she appeared to be in the flames of the mole itself; and never was a ship nearer burnt; it almost scorched me off the poop; we were obliged to haul in the ensign, or it would have caught fire. Every body behaved uncommonly well. Admiral Milne came on board at two o'clock in the morning, and kissed my hand fifty times before the people, as did the Dutch Admiral, Von Capellan. I was but slightly touched in thigh, face, and fingers—my glass cut in my hand, and the skirts of my coat torn off by a large shot; but as I bled a good deal, it looked as if I was badly hurt, and it was gratifying to see and hear how it was received even in the cockpit, which was then pretty full. My thigh is not quite skinned over, but I am perfectly well, and hope to reach Portsmouth by the 10th of October. Ferdinand has sent me a diamond star. Wise behaved most nobly, and took up a line-of-battle ship's station;—but all behaved nobly. I never saw such enthusiasm in all my service. Not a wretch shrunk any

where; and I assure you it was a very arduous task, but I had formed a very correct judgment of all I saw, and was confident, if supported, I should succeed. I could not wait for an off-shore wind to attack; the season was too far advanced, and the land-winds become light and calmy. I was forced to attack at once with a lee-shore, or perhaps wait a week for a precarious wind along shore; and I was quite sure I should have a breeze off the land, about one or two in the morning, and equally sure we could hold out to that time. Blessed be God! it came, and a dreadful night with it, of thunder, lightning, and rain, as heavy as I ever saw. Several ships had expended all their powder, and been supplied from the brigs. I had latterly husbanded, and only fired when they fired on us; and we expended 350 barrels, and 5420 shot, weighing above 65 tons of iron. Such a state of ruin of fortifications and houses was never seen, and it is the opinion of all the consuls, that two hours more fire would have levelled the town; the walls are all so cracked. Even the aqueducts were broken up, and the people famishing for water. The sea-defences, to be made effective, must be rebuilt from the foundation. The fire all round the mole looked like Pandemonium. I never saw anything so grand and so terrific, for I was not on velvet, for fear they should drive on board us. The copper-bottoms floated full of fiery hot charcoal, and were red-hot above the surface, so that we could not hook on our fire-grapnels to put the boats on, and could do nothing but push fire-booms, and spring the ship off by our warps, as occasion required."

The battle of Algiers forms a class by itself among naval victories. It was a new thing to place a fleet in a position surrounded by such formidable batteries. Bold and original in the conception, it was most brilliant and complete in execution. Nor was it more splendid for the honour, than happy in the fruits. It broke the chains of thousands; it gave security to millions;—it delivered Christendom from a scourge and a disgrace. To complete the happiness of the achievement, a nation co-operated, the natural ally of England, and the truest of her friends; bound to her by the proudest recollections of patriotism, and the dearest ties of religion; and which, if it should be required once more to strike down the power of whatever evil principle may desolate Europe, will again be found at her side, strong in virtue as in courage, to emulate her prowess, and to share the triumph.

Lord Exmouth's victory was rewarded with those marks of respect which it well merited,—he was raised to the title of viscount; and many just compliments were paid to his services both at home and abroad, among which may be named the present of a splendid piece of plate, of the value of 1400 guineas, from the officers of his squadron, and a vote of thanks to him from both houses of parliament on account of his victory, which had been noticed in

the royal speech. Lord Exmouth was now in the possession of all that is desired to form human happiness. He was still in the vigour of life; and his children, none of whom he had ever lost, were all of them a comfort and credit to him, while he was a most kind father to them, as his rare liberality in giving them their full portions during his lifetime may serve to testify. Yet, with all this, the veteran admiral, who was not very fond of repose, would sometimes own that he had been happier amidst his early difficulties. So often does it happen that the *desire* of worldly honours or goods is more agreeable to us than the *possession* of them! The command at Plymouth, however, was given him in 1817; and this, for a time, afforded him some little employment for his active powers.

In politics Lord Exmouth always acted independently, being unwilling to fetter himself with the chains of party; though, at the same time, he was disposed, to the best of his ability, to assist the government when his services were wanted.

With regard to religious feelings and opinions, Lord Exmouth, though he had passed his whole life in the midst of temptations, and among scenes but little favourable to the healthy growth of the Christian character, was nevertheless a good Christian and a faithful servant of God. From his very youth he always tried to check that profaneness which too commonly prevails among the young, especially in the army and the navy; nor was he ever ashamed of endeavouring to set a better example himself. On board his first frigate, the *Winchelsea*, the duties of the Sunday were always observed; and on that day the captain, dressed in his full uniform, would read the morning-service to his crew when the weather permitted, there not being any chaplain on board. Nor, as he advanced in the world, did he at all forget the Power to whose goodness he owed all his victories and success; after each single instance of which, it always was his custom to have a special service of thanksgiving to Almighty God. And these warm feelings of religious gratitude blessed and sanctified the declining years of the life of the hero who had fought so nobly in his country's defence; the bright light of Christian hope shed a holy influence across the latter part of the course of the aged veteran sailor. As years advanced, the world grew of less concern to him, and he to the world: still he dearly loved his country—he was an honest Englishman, and a sincere member of the Church; and it was no small trial to him to witness, in his old age, the folly and madness which prevailed in Great Britain previously to the passing of that *idol* of the Liberal party—the Reform Bill. One who had watched the gradual overthrow of the gigantic tyranny of France by the repeated efforts of the English nation, which at one time stood single and alone in the contest,—one who had himself risen, by *merit*, from the condition

of an unfriended youth, to the highest rank under the free institutions of old England,—could ill bear the taunts and threats of ignorance against our ancient constitution. A man like Lord Exmouth could not but dislike such men as those whom the commotions occasioned by the Reform Bill called forth into notice. In a letter written in 1831 the hero of Algiers thus expresses himself, in words to which, at that trying period, the hearts and feelings of many a true Briton most faithfully responded. “I am fast approaching,” writes he, “that end which we must all come to. My own term I feel is expiring; and happy is the man who does not live to see the destruction of his country, which discontent has brought to the verge of ruin. Hitherto thrice-happy England, how art thou torn to pieces by thine own children! Strangers, who a year ago looked up to you, as a happy exception in the world, with admiration, at this moment know thee not. Fire, riot, and bloodshed, are roving through the land; and God, in his displeasure, visits us also with pestilence; and, in fact, in one short year we seem almost to have reached the climax of misery. One cannot sit down to put one’s thoughts on paper without feeling oppressed by public events, and with vain thoughts of how and when will the evils terminate. *That* must be left to God’s mercy; for I believe man is at this moment unequal to the task.” And in the following year, in one of the last letters he ever wrote, Lord Exmouth thus speaks, when alluding to the *cholera morbus* then raging, of the attacks which were at that time begun upon the Church:—“I am much inclined,” said he, “to consider this an infliction of Providence, to shew His power to the discontented of the world, who have long been striving against the government of man, and are commencing their attacks on our Church. But they will fail! God will never suffer His Church to fall; and the world will see that His mighty arm is not shortened, nor His power diminished. I put my trust in Him, and not in man; and I bless Him that He has enabled me to see the difference between *improvement* and *destruction*.”

At the end of 1831, after his family had been remarkably free from any trials of the kind, Lord Exmouth lost his youngest daughter, and within three years of that time no fewer than seven members of the family died. In the following March, the daughter of his eldest son died almost suddenly; on which event the grandfather observes, “We have long been mercifully spared. Death has at length entered our family; and it behoves us all to be watchful.” At this time he was made Vice-Admiral of England, and was honoured with a very flattering letter from William the Fourth. Concerning the appointment he observed, “I shall have it only for one year;” and, in fact, he held it but for a few months. In May his beloved brother and brave fellow-sailor,

Sir Israel Pellew, died ; and this was the last occasion on which Lord Exmouth left his home. A few days afterwards he was taken violently ill, and continued to linger, without any hope of recovery, until the following January, on the 23d of which month, in the year 1832, he expired, full of hope and peace, crowning and completing a life of victory with that last and best triumph, which can be won only in the strength of Christ—the victory of our faith. “Every hour of his life is a sermon,” said an officer who was often with him ; “I have seen him great in battle, but never so great as on his death-bed.”

Reader ! few among us can hope for the same success as that which marked the course of Lord Exmouth ; how few of us, indeed, would use as well as he did the gifts of fortune and rank, if they were bestowed upon us ! But, though we cannot reasonably hope to be like him in that which is corruptible, we all may be like him in that which is not corruptible. All of us, be our state or condition what it may, can be true to our Queen, our Country, and our Church ; all may, with God’s blessing, learn to “do their duty in that state of life to which it has pleased Him to call them ;” all may, if they will, attend to the wholesome warning of the wisest of men :—“*My son, fear thou the Lord and the king ; and meddle not with them that are given to change.*” (Proverbs xxiv. 21.)



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